

ÉDITION DE LUXE

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"A GLIMPSE OF FUTURE SEAS"

FROM THE PICTURE BY HENRY E. DETMOLD EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY

Topics of the Week

SIGNOR CRISPI'S SPEECH.—Signor Crispi, in his vigorous speech at Palermo, indignantly denied that the foreign policy of Italy can be truly described in any sense as aggressive. On this point he did not utter a word that went beyond the facts. The foreign policy of Italy may be summed up in the words—the Triple Alliance; and there is not a shred of evidence that any one of the allied Powers has other than pacific intentions. Germany, Austria, and Italy are each content, speaking generally, with things as they are. Any changes which they wish to effect may be most readily and safely brought about by peaceful methods. If the tranquillity of Europe is threatened, the danger proceeds, not from these Powers, but from France and Russia, neither of which is willing to accept the existing situation as final. Russia desires to get to Constantinople, France to win back Alsace; and peace is believed to be insecure simply because it is known that both will seize the first favourable opportunity of attaining the ends they have in view. Did Italy act rightly in associating herself with the States whose aim is to prevent France and Russia from beginning the undertakings upon which they long to enter? To this question Signor Crispi suggested a perfectly satisfactory answer. Italy, he said, is resolved, at whatever cost, to retain possession of Rome. The Papacy will have perfect spiritual freedom; but temporal power it cannot, with the sanction of the Italian Government, be allowed to recover. From this it follows—and Signor Crispi evidently intended that the inference should be drawn—that the only wise course for Italy to pursue is to throw in her lot with Germany and Austria. Associated with them, she can have no reason to fear that Rome will be lost. If she separated herself from them, and chose to stand alone, the severance of Rome from the Monarchy would be rendered possible, if not probable, by the hostility of France. No doubt Italy pays a heavy price for her security, but it is slight in comparison with the risks she would run if she were at the mercy of her powerful and jealous neighbour.

BRITISH ZAMBESIA.—A curious people are the English! When the Tweedledees contest the Borough of Scrap against the Tweedledums, vast is the excitement and infinite the ink shed to prove that the losing side is crumpled up for ever. But the acquisition of territory thrice as large as the British Isles scarcely ruffles the surface of public opinion. It may be that John Bull has become too accustomed to conquest by charter to have his serenity disturbed by the news that another large slice of the Dark Continent has been put on his plate. Truly, it is a big slice to which the new South African Company proposes to help him. The Imperial East African Company loomed largely enough in comparison with the Royal Niger Company and the North Borneo Company. But in magnitude of conception, as well as in territorial importance, all previous efforts are dwarfed by the present Broddingnagian enterprise. Some half-dozen English noblemen and millionaires coolly propose to undertake the administration and development of the vast expanse of country stretching from the northern boundaries of Bechuanaland and the Transvaal to the Zambesi and beyond. They make no doubt of success; they evidently feel sure that within a few years their courage will receive magnificent reward. There are, it is true, the warlike Matabeles to be dealt with, and it is quite possible that the Boers and the Portuguese will give trouble. What matters? Southern Africa is the destined inheritance of the Englishman, and the time has at last come to take possession. Nor can it be doubted that some means will be discovered or made to free the Zambesi for navigation right down to the ocean. Not only the water-way either, but the banks must be rendered available for international commerce. Zambesia will never remain content with the long land detour to the sea *via* Bechuanaland and Cape Colony. The Zambesi is the natural conduit for trade with the interior, and until the Portuguese recognise that fact there will be chronic animosities between them and the Zambesian colonists.

THE STRAND IMPROVEMENTS.—The adoption of the recommendations of the Improvements Committee of the London County Council has been for the present postponed, and Earl Compton's amendment has been carried instead. The proposed new thoroughfare, the making of which was reckoned to cost about 1,500,000*l.*, was intended to start from a point opposite Southampton Row, Holborn, and, passing along Little Queen Street, which would, of course, be considerably widened, was to cut through a very poor and densely-populated region lying between Drury Lane and Lincoln's Inn Fields, finally emerging in Catherine Street, Strand. This new street in itself, for we will speak of the second portion of the suggested improvement presently, would afford great convenience to the public. A glance at the map will show that, owing to the fact that all the cross streets between Holborn and the Strand bear in a north-westerly direction, vehicular traffic the object of which is to get from the Strand to Holborn in a north-easterly direction, has to take a very roundabout route. Say,

for example, that one wants to get from any part of the Strand between Charing Cross and the "Griffin," to any part of Holborn eastward of the starting point, there are only two thoroughfares which bear in the right direction, namely, St. Martin's Lane and Fetter Lane, which are nearly a mile apart. At the same time we are inclined to think that this convenience might be obtained more cheaply, and with far fewer evictions of labouring people (who often have extreme difficulty in finding fresh dwellings near their work), by opening up Lincoln's Inn Fields. If we had a Baron Haussmann among us, he would on the north side of the Fields make a broad carriage thoroughfare through both Great and Little Turnstiles, while at the south-western corner, a new street passing through Clare Market and New-castle Street would give access to the Strand. A necessary corollary to this improvement would be that the Fields enclosure should be opened to the public, abundantly furnished with seats, and watched over by an adequate staff of attendants. This brings us to the second portion of the County Council's proposed improvement, namely, the widening of the Strand by the removal of Holywell Street. Whether the churches be left as islands in the Strand (which is artistically desirable), or whether they are taken away altogether, this widening is a necessary sequence of either of the above schemes. Now that the matter has been postponed, our County Councillors will have ample time for reflection; and let us hope they will remember three things—the claims of the poor, who should not be thrust out without recompense in the form of convenient dwellings; the public advantage in deciding on the best route; and, lastly, the pockets of the ratepayers.

THE BY-ELECTIONS.—It is natural enough that the followers of Mr. Gladstone should be jubilant over their recent successes. They go rather too far, however, when they conclude, as many of them are doing, that they are certain to secure an overwhelming majority at the General Election. Lord Beaconsfield's last Government had an extraordinary run of luck at by-elections, but this did not prevent them from being overthrown in 1880. Surely it is at least possible that a like experience may be in store for the Gladstonians. The conditions of a General Election, as has often been pointed out, are wholly different from those which prevail during a contest in an isolated constituency. When an appeal is made to the country as a whole, local interests take a secondary place; the voters concern themselves chiefly with the great issues submitted to them by the leaders of the rival parties. Exactly the opposite is true when the people of a particular division are called upon to choose a representative. They do not forget what happens to be the most prominent public question of the day, but they think much more about the matters by which their own comfort is immediately affected. All impartial observers agree that in North Bucks, for instance, the allotment difficulty had more to do with the defeat of Mr. Hubbard than the Home Rule Question. If the Unionist Government had been able to secure the passing of the Allotments Amendment Bill, by which pressure would have been brought to bear upon the rural sanitary authorities, the result of the election might have been—probably would have been—very different. This question ought certainly to be settled next Session. The Gladstonians are well aware of its importance, for one or other of them has blocked the Amendment Bill on every occasion on which the second reading has been moved. They want to have the credit of passing the measure themselves, and will not, if they can help it, allow the honour to be appropriated by the other side. It would be difficult to conceive a more striking commentary on the philanthropic professions of the friends of the Agricultural Labourer.

SWEATING AND SWEATERS.—The Bishop of London's reply to the invitation to join the Anti-Sweating League is precisely the kind of plain speaking which the present situation requires. All will agree that when one man employs another, the hirer should pay sufficient wages to enable the hired to live. From the point of view of humanity, that is an indisputable proposition. But an entirely different case presents itself when two or three human beings compete for a job which will only afford sustenance for one. That, and nothing else, is the cause of sweating. Taking advantage of the cruel competition, the sweaver bids lower and lower for the labour he requires, until, at last, only one is left who will accept his starvation pay. Now, what is to be done to prevent this detestable grinding of the faces of the poor? It is apparent at a glance that if, in any industry, there is only work for one-third of those who apply, two-thirds must either starve, enter the workhouse, or look out for employment elsewhere. Of these alternatives, the Bishop dismisses the first two, and recommends the last. It is to be feared, however, that the poor creatures who do sweaters' work would find themselves *de trop* at other places. There are too many of them for the business in which they are engaged to provide a living for all. It is the dockers' case over again; the misery of those miserable men was entirely consequent upon over-competition among themselves. And it has to be borne in mind that even if the wage-rate either for dockers or seamstresses could be artificially raised, the relief would be only momentary, as the higher remuneration

would attract crowds of toilers from other spheres of industry. No; the stern problem of starvation-pay has not been solved, as Mr. John Burns seems to believe, by the successful issue of the dockers' strike.

THE PANAMA CANAL.—Interesting events follow each other so rapidly, and the memory of the public is so short, that many persons, who are not pecuniarily concerned in the undertaking, have probably forgotten all about M. de Lesseps's pet scheme, which he fondly hoped would form the final triumph of his distinguished career. Unfortunately for the great engineer, tropical Nature, with her sweltering heat, her torrents of rain, and her malarial, proved a too formidable opponent. It may be taken for granted that if M. de Lesseps had essayed to cut through an isthmus of exactly similar configuration situated in the temperate zone, he would, with the capital at his command, have prosperously accomplished the task. The question has now been peremptorily propounded by M. Brunet, the judicial liquidator, whether it is worth attempting to go on with an enterprise which has hitherto proved so disastrous. There is, at all events, something to show for the money expended. There is the work which has been executed, there is the engineering plant, and there is the concession from the Colombian Government. All these assets will shortly be forfeited to the Colombian Republic, unless the bondholders resolve to carry on the enterprise themselves, or persuade some other body to buy up or lease their property. M. Brunet has gone to work in a practical way. He has nominated a technical Commission, comprising citizens of several other nations besides those of France, and five of these gentlemen will proceed to the Isthmus of Panama to study the question on the spot. With the French the Panama Canal excites such a patriotic interest, apart from any question of profit, that it is quite possible a fairly favourable report by the Commissioners may result in the resumption of the original enterprise.

HOME RULE FOR SCOTLAND.—Lord Bute has contributed to the *Scottish Review* an article in which he pleads for the establishment of a Parliament in Edinburgh. His idea is that while Scottish representative peers should continue to sit in the House of Lords, the Scottish people should have nothing whatever to do with the House of Commons at Westminster, but should be content with their own Home Rule Assembly. This is certainly a thorough-going policy, but whether it is also wise is another question. We do not believe that there is the faintest trace of a popular demand in Scotland for any such scheme, or that a popular demand for it is ever likely to arise. The Scotch, as every one knows, are remarkably patriotic, but their patriotism has not hitherto led to a wish on their part to be excluded from advantages which have been secured for them by the Union. It never occurs to them to regard the British Empire as a Power in which Englishmen alone have a right to be interested. They claim to have had a share in the task of building it up, and nothing short of force would cause them to relax their hold on the Imperial system of government. It does not follow, however, that they do not desire to have more effective control over what are strictly Scottish affairs. It may be urged that in all matters which concern themselves alone the Imperial Parliament generally allows them to have their own way, and this is quite true. But so much work has to be done by the House of Commons that Scottish business, like English business, receives very inadequate attention; and the Scotch are undoubtedly beginning to think that it might be a good thing both for themselves and for the Empire if local work could be transferred from London to their own capital. The Imperial Parliament would, of course, be supreme; and Scottish members would still be sent thither to attend to matters which affected Scotland equally with other parts of the Empire.

CLAN-NA-GAELISM.—Brother Jonathan must be endowed with exemplary patience to endure so long the almost open endeavours of the Clan-na-Gael to hush up the Cronin murder. It may be, however, that it is a feeling of despair which silences public opinion in the United States. Or, perchance, our cousins, in their infinite shrewdness, believe that, by keeping quiet and making no hurry, they are employing the best means to elicit the truth. There is something to be said for that theory; the very efforts made by the counsel for the accused to prevent the impaneling of a jury look very much like consciousness of a weak case. Nor will that view be weakened by the discovery of systematic attempts at wholesale corruption. It is difficult to imagine what the state of feeling would be in England did it come out that enormous bribes had been offered to and accepted by jurors expectant, to secure a verdict beforehand. To make matters worse, there seem to be grounds for suspecting that some of the counsel engaged in the case winked at these proceedings, while certain officials of the Court appear to have been prime movers. There is certainly some excuse for Judge Lynch in a land where such nefarious doings are not only possible, but are taken as a matter of course by large sections of the population. But those who know the American people best feel confident that a fair trial will be secured in the long run, and that justice will be done between accused and accuser. And then we may expect a pretty considerable torrent of the indignation which is now

pent up lest it should be discharged at the wrong party. Revolting as the whole business is, one cannot but admire the calm judicial attitude of our kinsmen under provocation which would assuredly let loose the vials of popular wrath on this side of the Atlantic.

LORD HOPETOUN FOR VICTORIA.—If George the Third's advisers a hundred and twenty years ago could have foreseen, as in a vision, the banquet at the St. George's Club on Tuesday evening last (an intelligent Asmodeus being present to give them needful elucidations), the history of the world might have been greatly altered for the better. They would have perceived the folly of sending out to the American Colonies men who were too often bankrupt in purse and broken in character; the disputes which arose would have been settled by amicable compromise; and, even if America had been now independent, she would have quitted the Mother Country peacefully, as a son leaves his parents' roof to seek his fortune elsewhere. As an old colonist, Mr. Childers spoke seasonably when he reminded his hearers that this neglect of, and indifference to, things colonial existed up to a very recent date. Indeed, it is only during the last ten or fifteen years that the colonies have become socially "fashionable." Some of this interest is due to travelling facilities. Men of wealth and birth now visit America, Africa, and Australia as unconcernedly as their grandfathers went to France and Italy. Much also is due to the establishment of the Colonial Institute; which, again, greatly owes its prosperity to the indefatigable exertions of Sir Frederick Young. Anyhow, the increased interest felt is practically manifested by the banquet to Lord Hopetoun, when the Colonial Secretary, a strong contingent of Agents-General, and more than two hundred other eminent colonists assembled to speed the parting guest. Lord Hopetoun's genial, yet modest, address augurs well for his prospects as successor to Sir Henry Loch. Nor need his youthfulness (he is at the delightful age of twenty-nine) detract from his other merits. According to the view of his functions now prevailing, a Colonial Governor stands in the place of his Royal mistress, and that the Queen was only eighteen when she first assumed the Crown of these realms in no way detracted from her popularity. Lord Hopetoun evidently starts with a determination to be pleased with the people over whom he is about to exercise titular sway; and, if he perseveres in this resolve, he will find that the difficulties and anxieties which he must necessarily encounter will be greatly lessened in importance.

MANSFIELD COLLEGE.—The most sanguine of the Non-conformists are expecting too much from the working of this institution. They hope that it may profoundly influence the tone of the older Colleges in Oxford, and of the University as a whole. This, to say the least, is extremely improbable. If Disestablishment should ever be demanded by a powerful party in the Church of England, the movement will be due, not to the arguments of Dissenters, but to causes springing up within the Church itself. As for the wider issues of theology, any change which may take place in the spirit in which they are conceived is more likely to be brought about by the influence of Continental scholars and thinkers than by that of Nonconformist divines. The Nonconformists themselves, however, will profit largely by the work of the new College. The institution is to be devoted to the training of men who are to become ministers of religion, and as all of them will be members of the University they cannot fail to benefit by the associations in the midst of which they will pursue their studies. The leading Nonconformist bodies have always striven to secure for their theological students a sound and thorough education, and many of their colleges have sent forth large numbers of ministers admirably equipped for pastoral work. But Mansfield College, with a scholar like Dr. Fairbairn at the head of it, ought to surpass, and no doubt will surpass, any institution of the kind that has been established elsewhere. It will also do good service by acting as a sort of spiritual centre for those Nonconformist undergraduates who, although not students of divinity, never feel quite at home in the older colleges where the great majority of the men belong to the Established Church. It is an excellent sign of the times that the College has evidently the best wishes of the authorities of the University. Oxford, by the cordial manner in which she has welcomed Principal Fairbairn and his colleagues, has given one more proof of the new life which is rapidly making her one of the foremost powers for good in England.

ALLOTMENTS.—An excellent measure in itself, and warmly welcomed by the farm labourers, the Allotments Act started under the fairest auspices. Hodge, too, had got rid of his wild conceptions of a Paradisiacal cow in Elysian fields, and was quite willing to accept the half loaf which is proverbially so much superior to no bread. Very disappointing, then, is it to find that the Act is already proclaimed a failure. Not without warrant, either. There are still numbers of hamlets whose poorer inhabitants have no more chance of getting a plot of land than when Mr. Jesse Collings first pointed out that way to salvation. What is the purpose of the Act? Unquestionably to "root the peasant in the soil," or, in less figurative language, to secure for him a bit of

ground, reasonably fertile, conveniently situated and moderately rented, where he and his family might turn their leisure to profitable account—a thoroughly practical aim, there being an abundance of such land throughout the kingdom. Where the Act fails is in leaving too much power in the hands of local authorities. Farmers are not sympathetic towards allotments: it is an ingrained belief in their minds that the labourer who has a bit of land saves up his strength, when working on the farm, in order to have some left for the cultivation of his own little farm in the evening. Another tradition is that the allotment-holder generally gives himself airs of independence. The landowners are, of course, free from these antique notions; but few of them care to run counter to their tenants. The consequence is that the local authorities are squeezed here and squeezed there to such an extent by the conflicting interests, that they, too, at last come to consider allotments a prodigious nuisance. And so, what with exorbitant rent-charges, inconvenience of situation, and sterility of soil, Hodge is often practically deprived of the sweet boon which the Government wished to place at his disposal.

A CLIMATOLOGICAL CONGRESS.—Among the many Congresses which have been held in Paris during this Exhibition year, one devoted to this interesting topic met for the sixty-eighth time, so that it must be quite an old-established concern. It styles itself International, and no less than fourteen nationalities were represented at the sittings, which lasted for a week. This mingling of men of various countries produced rather a comical effect, for instead of discussing climatology in the abstract (as the Scotch young lady discussed Love), some of the worthy members seem to have devoted their energies to the "cracking up" of the climatic advantages of the countries from which they respectively hailed. Thus a Mexican gentleman praised the climate and mineral springs of his native Republic, and foresaw the speedy advent of a day when the thermal springs of Mexico would be as popular as those of Europe. The Japanese Delegate was equally patriotic, calling the attention of the Congress to the numerous hot springs in Japan. Dr. Labat, however (of whose nationality we are not sure, but whom we presume to be a Frenchman), was much more severely scientific. He refused to sacrifice Truth on the altar of the Fatherland, for he roundly declared that in France there were no chalybeate waters to be recommended, and he seems climatically to prefer Torquay, and even the Isle of Bute, to Nice, where, says he, "is experienced one of the worst climates in the world. Yet at Nice marvellous cures had been effected; the true secret being in the choice of the house where the patient lived, the hours and place where he took exercise." Mr. Adolphe Smith, as a typical Englishman, who is nothing if not practical, preached a useful little sermon, with these last words of Dr. Labat's as his text. He pointed out that the beneficial effect of the glorious winter sunshine of Southern Europe is neutralised by the defective sanitation of many of the so-called health resorts, and that this is proved by the heavy death-rate. "Where is the use," asked Mr. Smith, "of enjoying an excellent climate for about four hours in the day if for the rest of the time the patient has to remain indoors breathing sewer-gas?" Mediterranean hotel and lodging-house keepers had better make a note of these practical remarks.



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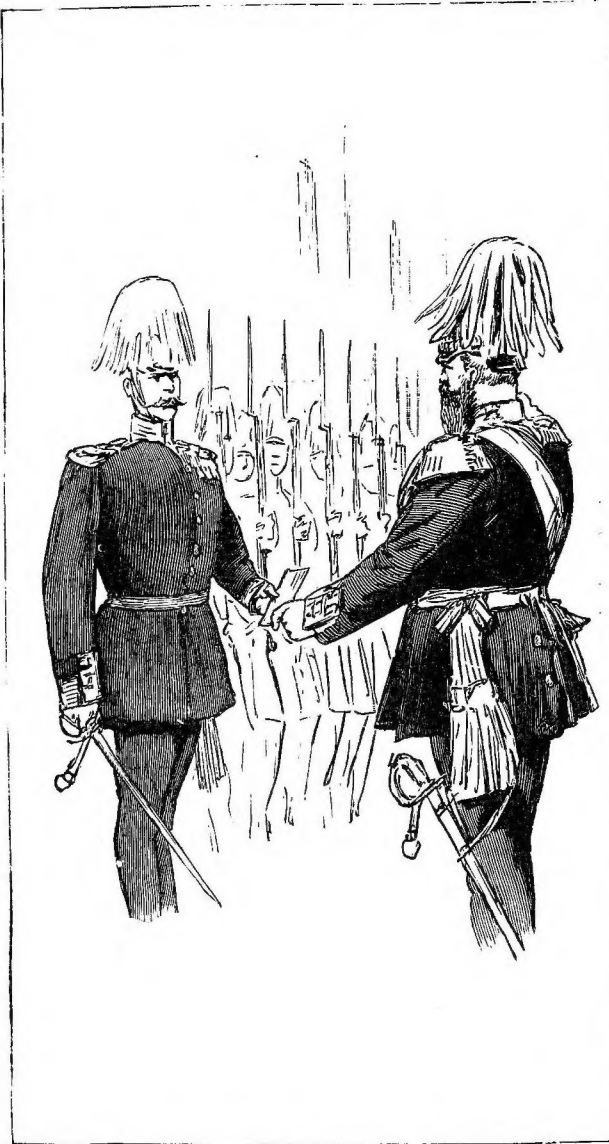


"A GLIMPSE OF FUTURE SEAS"

MR. DETMOLD's picture deals with a kind of subject which is sure to enlist interest. There is always something pathetic in the idea that the elder of the two persons, who is endeavouring to impart some of his knowledge to the younger, will soon have finished his earthly business; while, as regards the boy, the possibilities concerning him are unlimited. He may become in the next generation a famous navigator and discoverer, an idea which is half-hinted at in Mr. Detmold's happily-chosen title.

THE CZAR IN BERLIN

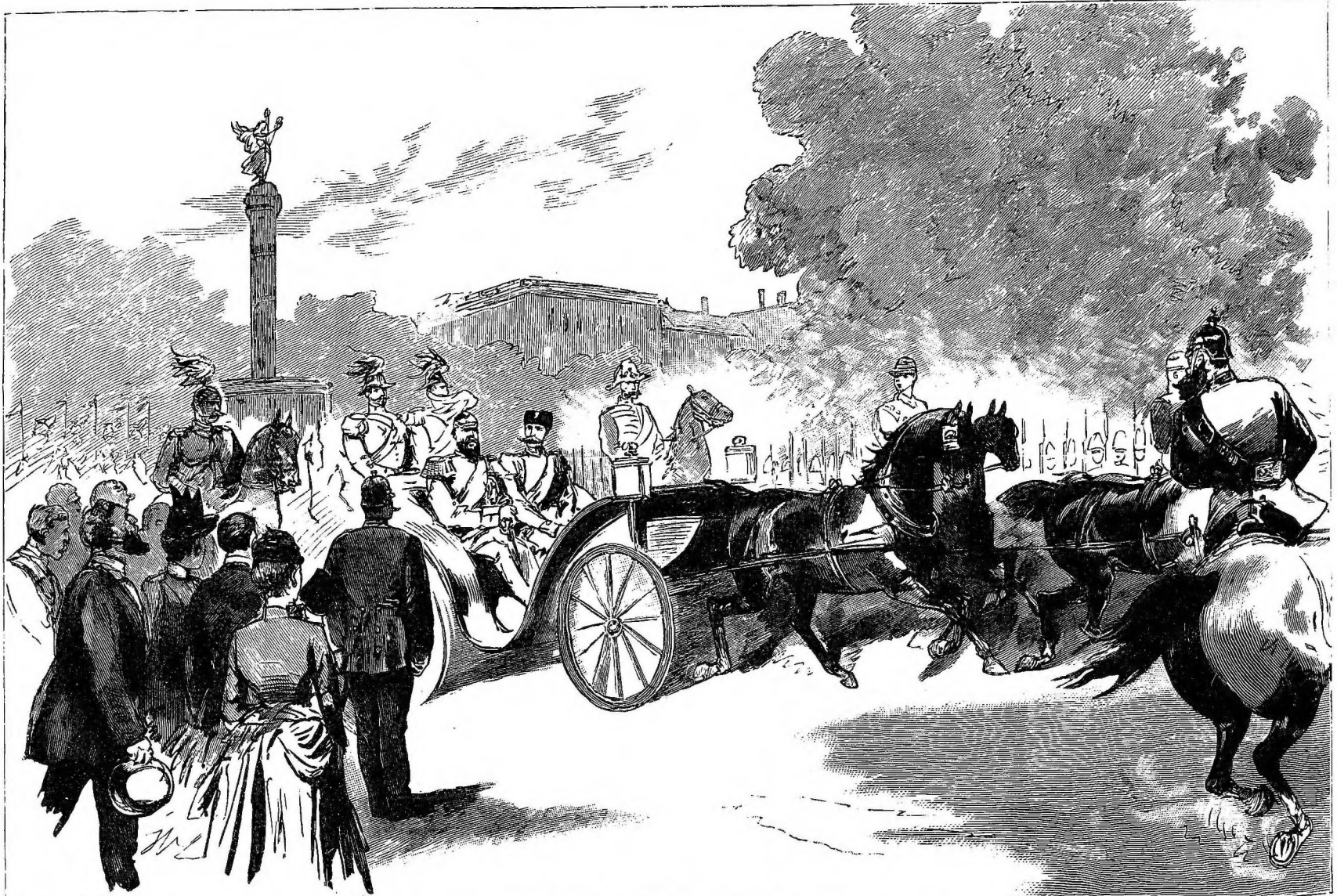
AT last the long-expected meeting between the Czar and the Kaiser has taken place. The Emperor Alexander left Fredensborg on the night of October 9th, and slept on board the Imperial Russian yacht *Derjawa*, which reached Kiel on the afternoon of October 10th. From Kiel the Czar started about midnight in his own special train, which had come from St. Petersburg, arriving at Berlin, accompanied by his second son, the Grand Duke George Alexandrovitch, at 10 A.M., on October 11th. At the Lehrte Station His Majesty was welcomed by the Emperor William and a crowd of Princes and dignitaries, among whom was Prince Bismarck, dressed



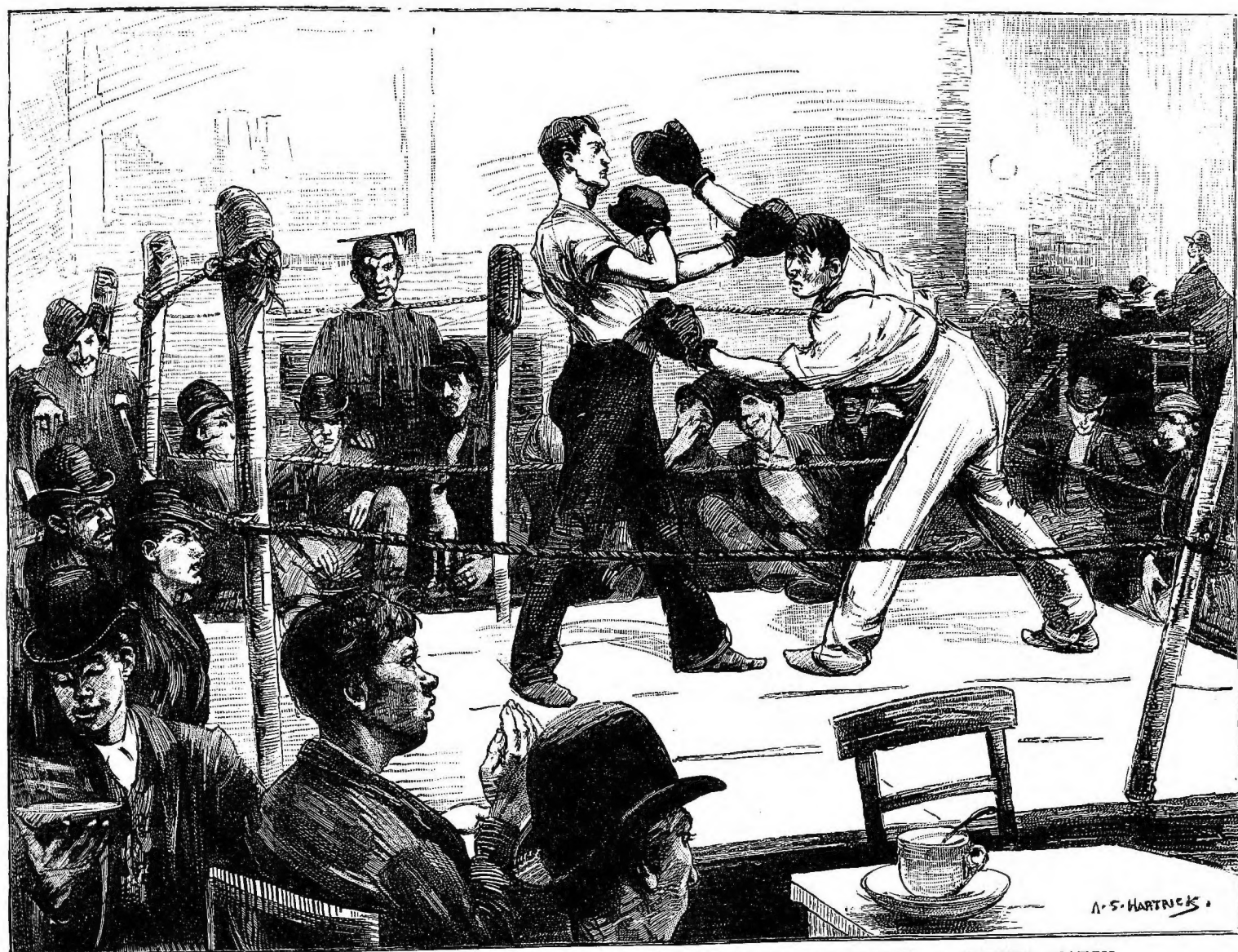
THE CZAR RECEIVES THE REPORT OF THE REGIMENT OF WHICH HE IS HONORARY COLONEL



THE TWO MONARCHS EMBRACE ON MEETING



DRIVING THROUGH THE STREETS ON THE WAY TO THE PALACE
THE VISIT OF THE CZAR TO THE GERMAN EMPEROR AT BERLIN



MEN'S CLUB IN CONNECTION WITH HOLY TRINITY CHURCH, SHOREDITCH—A BOXING MATCH



SCHOOL CHILDREN'S STRIKES—JUVENILE STRIKERS PARADING THEIR GRIEVANCES

as a full General. The Czar was in the uniform of his Grenadier Guard, while the Emperor William, in accordance with the usual complimentary custom, wore the uniform of his Russian regiment. On meeting the two Monarchs shook hands very cordially, and kissed each other on both cheeks. Then after witnessing the march past of the Body Guard, gigantic men, who wore the metal helmet caps of Frederick the Great's time, their Majesties entered the State coach, which was drawn by four horses, *à la Daumont*, and escorted by a detachment of Cuirassier Guards. The crowds in the streets cheered sympathetically, but were neither so numerous nor so enthusiastic as on the occasion of the successive visits of the King of Italy and the Emperor of Austria.

The Czar alighted at the Russian Embassy, where since the days of Nicholas the Emperors of Russia have always lodged when visiting Berlin. After luncheon the Czar and his son called on the Emperor and Empress at the Old Schloss, and then, returning to the Embassy, had a prolonged interview with Prince Bismarck. At 6 P.M. a great banquet was held in the White Saloon of the Castle, the Czar, who was dressed as a Prussian Uhlan, sitting between their German Majesties, the German Chancellor being directly opposite him. During the banquet the Emperor William rose, and in his hearty emphatic style drank the health of the Czar. He spoke in German, winding up with a few words in Russian. The Czar replied in a low tone, and in French. Various versions of these speeches have been given, and all sorts of surmises have been hazarded, but there seems no reason to doubt that both the toast and the reply were intended to be quite friendly. After dinner their Majesties proceeded to the Grand Opera, next day the two Monarchs enjoyed some deerstalking in the Royal Preserves at Hubertusstock, and on the 13th the Czar took his departure.

BOXING MATCH IN A SHOREDITCH CLUB

IN the parish of Holy Trinity, Shoreditch, which was separated from the mother-parish in 1867, although no church was built until twenty years later, there are 8,000 people packed together in a space which can be walked over one way in four minutes, and another in two. This region had formerly a very bad reputation. It was termed the "Sink of London;" and, according to Mr. James Greenwood, in one of its streets there were more criminals than in all the rest of the metropolitan area put together. Recently, however, determined efforts have been made to grapple with these evils, and in 1887, the year in which the present vicar, the Rev. A. Osborne Jay, came into residence, a large building was erected in Orange Court, a portion of which can be used for club and general purposes, and over the whole of which is a Church. Previous to this, the services were held in a hay-loft over a stable. By degrees the various items of a regular parochial organisation have been established, such as Sunday Schools, Mothers' Meeting, a Boys' and Girls' Club, a Clothing Club, and a Lodging House, in which latter, says the Report—perhaps with pardonable exaggeration—"Over 100 persons find, for 4d. a night, the same accommodation which rich persons obtain in a hotel." Lastly, there is a Club, which numbers 500 members. A visit to this club has been vividly described in an article in the *Daily Telegraph*. Mr. Jay acted as his own hall-porter, and cordially shook hands with the entering members, mostly young men of a shabby, unwashed type, smoking short pipes. In the club-room, which measured about fifty feet by forty, there was a company of about a hundred such fellows. Many were playing dominoes or cards, whist and cribbage being especially popular; there was a pair of chess-players, and several others were congregated round a bagatelle-board. At the far end was a gymnasium, with a great mattress beneath to prevent accidents, and in a recess or ante-room there was a roped ring for boxers, in which two muscular young fellows were pounding each other as much seemingly to their mutual delight as to that of the onlookers. The favourite tastes and amusements of these poor fellows and the most exclusive clubmen of the West End seem wonderfully alike, making allowance for the fact that the latter have more money or credit. As for the conduct of the Shoreditchers, hear the *Telegraph* man. "During the hour I remained there the proceedings in all parts of the room were as orderly as they well could be. Smoking was general, but the only liquid refreshment at their command was a great jug of water, at which they occasionally took a pull. There was no quarrelling or swearing, and I witnessed no single instance of behaviour that deserved rebuke."

THE STRIKE OF SCHOOL CHILDREN

THE schoolboy strike which recently broke out in Scotland, at Edinburgh, and Dundee, and afterwards affected Cardiff, Middlesbrough, West Hartlepool, and various metropolitan districts, originated during the strike of dockers at the East End of London. The schoolboys simply imitated the dockers by the strike in which they took part, and they parodied, in their evening demonstration about the streets, many of the features of the dockers' daily procession. Thus, they formed themselves into a column, to the number of several hundreds; they carried banners specially prepared for them; they had a band composed of most discordant instruments, and they had a score or more of boys who carried collecting boxes fastened by cords round their necks. The tallest boy in the column walked at the head of the procession carrying a pole, at the top of which was fastened a doll. Behind him came the band, composed of about a score of lads beating trays, kettles, and triangles, and a few blowing flutes or playing jews' harps. Then came the lads carrying banners made of paper, on which were printed in ink such phrases as "Shorter Hours," "More Holidays," "No Cane," "No Home Lessons." The collecting-boxes were made of empty Swiss milk tins, sardine cases, and cigar-boxes, and a good many coppers were thus gathered in. The strike seems now to have subsided, but we hope educationalists will take warning by it, and make their future teaching both more practical and more attractive. The amount of misery which has been inflicted on dull-witted children since 1870 probably far exceeds all the tortures of the Holy Inquisition, and yet most of this learning is forgotten soon after they leave school. We would encourage in every possible way the minority who have a real taste for books, but for the majority a fair knowledge of the three R's is all that is wanted, and the rest of their school time might be far better employed in physical exercises or some useful handicraft. Meanwhile, one special school-child grievance might be amended. The "home lesson" is often learnt with extreme difficulty, where quiet and privacy are practically unattainable.

THE SEASON AT BRIGHTON

STRICTLY speaking, there is no season at Brighton; or, rather, it is always season there. The Queen of Watering Places does not resemble those of her humbler sisters who only seem to exist for three or four months of the year, and for the rest are mere wildernesses of dismantled bathing-machines and "Apartments to Let." Patients throng to Dr. Brighton at all times. But the "season" *par excellence* is from the end of October to the beginning of January. Very pleasant it is, too, to get away for a time from the fogs of our murky city to the clear skies and champagne-like air of London-super-Mare. Not that the skies are always clear, even at Brighton. And, when it does rain, it does rain. Very pleasant it is on such a day to sit in one of the hotel smoking-rooms and watch the unfortunate promenaders in the King's Road rushing to get under cover—not a few of them making for the underground

shelter depicted in our engraving. Hats are blown hither and thither, umbrellas are turned inside out, and every one looks miserably angry. But such angry moods do not last for long. The Queen may weep for a moment, but she is soon smiling again. She always provides plenty of amusement for her subjects, moreover. There is an excellent theatre, and (pace Mr. McDougall) a capacious and well-conducted music-hall. There is only one drawback, if indeed it be a drawback. It has, or had, no licence for liquors, and all alcoholic refreshments had to be sent for to Mutton's Hotel across the way. The Aquarium affords a perennial supply of living monsters and variety entertainments, and there is just going to be a contested election. What more in the way of excitement could a visitor require? Ah, yes; one thing is lacking. The Britisher is supposed to take the keenest delight in standing upon dry land and watching the agonised faces and "sea-green" complexion of those who have been taking their pleasure on the ocean. Well, at Brighton, as Mr. Barnes shows us, this rare pleasure may be enjoyed to the full.

"THE NEW PRINCE FORTUNATUS"

A NEW serial story by William Black, illustrated by William Small, is continued on page 445.

CONVICT LIFE AT WORMWOOD SCRUBS PRISON, III.

See page 480.

WITH ICE-AXE AND CAMERA IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS

See page 476.

LAUSANNE

See pp. 487 et seqq.

"AWAITING SENTENCE"

THIS title is suggestive of blocks and axes, with a black-visored headsman in attendance, or of the less picturesque but equally terrible gallows-tree. But an inspection of the picture shows that Mr. Dadd is really providing something of the nature of a comedy under a tragical title. The green-aproned gardener has detected this culprit, *flagrante delicto*, with his handkerchief full of apples, and has promptly taken him before his master, who, we fancy, is also a justice of the peace. The justice, however, seems a kindly-natured man, he gazes at the delinquent rather in sorrow than in anger, and, even if he feels bound to inflict some penalty of the law, his gentle-faced daughter will, we feel sure, entreat him to temper justice with mercy.

THE LATE SIR BENJAMIN PHILLIPS

SIR BENJAMIN SAMUEL PHILLIPS, a leading member of the Jewish community in London, and formerly an alderman of the City, died on October 9th, at his residence, 17, Grosvenor Street, after a long illness. Sir Benjamin, who was born in 1811, carried on business as a merchant and warehouseman in London from 1830 until 1886, under the style of Messrs. Faudel, Phillips, and Sons, of Newgate Street, of which firm his two sons are now the partners. In 1857 he was elected an alderman of the Ward of Farringdon



Within; in 1859 he, with Sir Thomas Gabriel, served the office of Sheriff of London and Middlesex; and in 1865-6 he was Lord Mayor. At the close of his mayoralty he received the honour of knighthood—nominally, as the late Lord Derby observed, for his entertainment of the King and Queen of the Belgians, but really for his valuable services in the case of the cholera in London and the famine in India. Last year, owing to failing health, Sir Benjamin resigned the aldermanship, being succeeded by his second son, Mr. George Faudel Phillips. His only daughter is married to Baron Henry de Worms, M.P.—Our portrait is from a photograph.

MR. A. C. MORTON, M.P.

THE vacancy in the Parliamentary representation of Peterborough caused by the death of Captain Fitzwilliam was filled on October 7th, when Mr. Morton (Gladstonian) won the seat, polling 1,893 votes,



against the 1,642 recorded in favour of Mr. Purvis, his Unionist opponent. Mr. Alpheus Cleophas Morton is an architect and surveyor in Chancery Lane, and one of the representatives of the

Ward of Farringdon Without in the Common Council of London. He was born in 1840, and is the second son of the late Mr. F. Morton. He is a member of the Wandsworth District Board of Works. He has twice before—respectively for Hythe and Christchurch—been an unsuccessful candidate for a seat in Parliament.—Our engraving is from a photograph by Weston and Son, Folkestone.

THE NEW M.P. FOR NORTH BUCKS

CAPTAIN EDMUND HOPE VERNEY, of Rhanva, Anglesea (a charming villa on the Menai Straits) is the eldest son of Sir Harry Verney, of Claydon House, Bucks. Sir Harry formerly represented Buckingham and Bedford in Parliament. His mother was Eliza, daughter of the late Admiral Sir George Hope, K.C.B. Captain Verney was born in April, 1838, and was educated at Harrow. He is a retired Captain in the Royal Navy, and saw active service in the Crimean War and during the Indian Mutiny. He is a magistrate and Deputy-Lieutenant for both Bucks and Anglesea, and Chairman of Quarter Sessions for the latter county. On the London County



Council Captain Verney represents Brixton, where he had Lady Sandhurst as a colleague until she was disqualified. He is married to a Welsh lady, who is a very active educationalist. Mrs. Verney is on the School Board of their own parish, and has acted as School Board Clerk for the last four years; she is also the only woman on the Council of the North Wales University College. In 1885 Captain Verney sat for a short time for North Bucks, having defeated Sir S. Wilson; in 1886 he was defeated by the Hon. Evelyn Hubbard, and now the tables are turned, Mr. Hubbard being the loser, and Captain Verney the winner by 208 votes. Captain Verney believes in Mr. Gladstone.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Fradelle and Young, 246, Regent Street, W.



POLITICAL.—North Bucks returned Captain Verney on Saturday by a majority of 208 over the Hon. E. Hubbard, and thus restores to the Gladstonians a seat they lost in 1866. The figures were Verney 4,855, and Hubbard 4,647. In 1866 the Hon. Egerton Hubbard (now Lord Addington) polled 4,460, against 4,389 for Captain Verney; while in 1885 Captain Verney polled 5,462, against Sir S. Wilson's 4,006. The Gladstonians have been making very merry over the victory during the week.—Lord Herschell at Durham laboured to show that all the evils existing in Ireland were due to Ireland being governed by an English Parliament.—Mr. Labouchere at Glasgow once more reiterated his belief that the next General Election would sweep the Government from power, and many of their supporters from political life.—But the chief interest of the political world is centred at Brighton, where Sir Robert Peel as a Gladstonian is fighting Mr. Gerald Loder, the Conservative candidate. Mr. Ritchie on Tuesday attacked Sir Robert Peel's character for political consistency. Mr. W. T. Marriott is also strongly supporting Mr. Loder's candidature, while Sir Robert Peel has the services of Mr. T. P. O'Connor and Mr. John O'Connor; and Mr. Gladstone, in the usual letter, expresses the hope that he will be returned to Parliament to "guard and complete those great measures of justice championed by his illustrious father."—Lord Spencer, in addressing a Liberal meeting at Bury on Tuesday, dwelt enthusiastically upon the recent by-elections.—Lord George Hamilton, on the same day at Sunderland, illustrated the results of Home Rule by remarking that it would require us to largely increase our Navy.—At a Privy Council held at Balmoral on Tuesday Parliament was prorogued from the 16th November to February next, and this has, perhaps, given rise to the rumour which is being industriously circulated that Parliament will be summoned for the despatch of business on February 6.

AT THE BOARD OF TRADE CONFERENCE held on Tuesday, under the presidency of Lord Balfour, between the representatives of the railway companies, traders, and others, relative to the procedure to be adopted in the inquiry into the new schedule of rates, it was resolved, after much discussion, that the London and North-Western Railway Company should first introduce their case. The Great Western Railway Company are to come next.

THE FRUIT EXHIBITION at the Crystal Palace shows an advance, not only in respect to the number of entries, but the general quality of the exhibits. Chiefly composed of hardy fruits, this annual show possesses a curious interest for all those who are interested in fruit culture. The Lord Mayor and the Fruiterers' Company are getting up a fund for fruit culture, which is being well supported.

THE STRIKE MOVEMENT is still showing a dangerous vitality. There was a baker's procession on Sunday, from High Street, Kensington, to Turnham Green Common, where a meeting was held, and the grievances of the operatives of the baking trade vigorously ventilated. The leaders disclaim any desire to go out on strike, but threaten to take the step unless their demands, including a reduction of the hours of labour to sixty a week and payment for overtime, are granted forthwith.—On the same evening Mr. John Burns made a speech, at Blackfriars, in which he dwelt, in somewhat unctuous detail, on the advantages gained by the late strikes in the Docks. The London Trades Council is, he declares to be revolutionised, and all the men and women's trades unions seem metropolis are to be affiliated to it. Women's trades unions seem

to be largely increasing in numbers, many new organisations being announced. The omnibus and tram men are also combining, with a view to a general strike, unless shorter hours of labour are conceded by the companies employing them. And the children are following the example of the men and women. Schoolboys who demand the shorter hours, no cane, and no home lessons, have been "out on strike" during the past week in Bermondsey, Kennington, Woolwich, and Finsbury, and in the provinces, at Birkenhead, Edinburgh, and among other towns. Gangs of these young desperadoes have been perambulating the streets armed with sticks and stones, but the severity of the magistrates is having its effect.—There has been a serious riot at Bristol, where 600 men out on strike from the gas works used such violence towards the hands engaged to take their places that they fled in all directions, most of them returning to their homes. The agitation is extending in the provinces. The ironworkers in Staffordshire, the nail and chain hands at Cradley Heath are agitating. A strike is threatened on the North-Eastern Railway.

THE LICENSING COMMITTEE OF THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL, pursuing their new crusade against their music-halls, have refused a music license for the White Hart, Leman Street, Whitechapel, and a dancing license for the Rosemary Branch, Camberwell. The licences of Crowder's Music Hall, Gatti's Palace of Varieties, and the Mitre Music Hall have, however, been renewed. The action of the Committee has come in for a good deal of severe criticism. The "Sketch Artists" engaged in music-halls deny that the sketches have any immoral tendency, and challenge the right of the Council to exercise a veto over them. A large number of working men connected with clubs and industrial associations in East London have unanimously resolved to protest against the decisions of the Committee.—The Council have passed rules to govern the proceedings of the Committee as regards the granting or renewal of licenses. They have, moreover, announced, in deference to public opinion, that they will not take any definite steps without giving due publicity to their intentions.

THE TUDOR EXHIBITION, which is to be opened at the New Gallery in January next, promises to prove as successful as the Stuart Exhibition of last year. Lord Dudley is to be President, with the Duke of Westminster and Lords Brownlow and Hardinge as Vice-Presidents. Her Majesty has consented to act as Patron. The Holbeins from Windsor will be one of the features of the show, and contributions have been promised from Knole, Hatfield, Burghley, Kimbolton, and Hardwick. Many interesting relics of Shakespeare will be shown, and so will objects connected with Raleigh, Drake, and Sir Nicholas Bacon.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The Lord Mayor opened on Monday, at Stationers' Hall, an Exhibition of Specimens of Printing, under the auspices of the British Typographical Association, a London branch of which was formed on that day.—At the Ordinary General Meeting of the National Pension Fund for Nurses, held on Tuesday, it was announced that one thousand nurses had joined the Institution, and 40,000, been invested for their benefit.—Mansfield College, Oxford, was inaugurated on Tuesday, by the Principal, the Rev. Dr. Fairbairn. The Institution is intended for graduates who purpose to enter the Ministry of the Baptist, the Methodist, Presbyterian, or Anglican Churches. Its scholarships and tutorships are, however, exclusively reserved for members of the Congregational Churches.—The explosion at the Bentilee Colliery on Wednesday morning, resulted, it is feared, in a loss of sixty lives.

OUR OBITUARY includes the death, in his eightieth year, of Lord Digby; in her eighty-sixth year, of Lady Charlotte Blount, the daughter of the eleventh Duke of Somerset, who married Mr. William Blount (who died four years ago) in 1839; in his seventy-first year, of Dr. James Prescott Joule, one of the most eminent scientists of his time, the discoverer of the "Mechanical Equivalent of Heat." At his residence at Sale, near Manchester, Dr. Joule enjoyed the acquaintance of the most celebrated men of science of the century, and was a member of all the leading scientific bodies in Europe and America; in 1878, he received a pension of 200*l.* a-year on the Civil Pension List, "in recognition of his eminent scientific achievements and valuable discoveries;" of Sir Daniel Gooch, Bart., at Clewer Park, Windsor, the Chairman of the Great Western Railway Company. The deceased baronet was one of the shareholders of the *Great Eastern*, one of the mortgagees to whom that unfortunate ship was mortgaged, and one of the purchasers who bought her with a view to employing her in laying the Atlantic Cable—it was during his absence in the *Great Eastern* in 1865 that he was elected M.P. for Cricklade, which he represented as a Conservative for twenty years. He was created a baronet in 1866, after the laying of the Atlantic Cable; in his seventy-second year, of Sir Charles William Sikes, a banker, who received the honour of knighthood in 1881, in recognition of his services in introducing the system of Post Office Savings Banks; of Sir Benjamin Samuel Phillips, a portrait of whom appears on another page; of Dr. John Kilner, a well-known Wesleyan missionary, who had spent twenty-seven years in India; and of Sir Clement Wolseley, of Mount Wolseley, Co. Carlow.



THE BISHOP OF BEDFORD has done well in calling public attention to the continued use of overcrowded cemeteries. The recent meeting of the Church of England Burial, Funeral, and Mourning Reform Association passed a resolution in favour of earth burial notwithstanding the vigorous opposition of Sir Spencer Wells, who argued that the storage of bodies in cemeteries was most dangerous to the living. It is disquieting to have it on such high medical authority that the rapid determination of the body in the earth is likely to prove more dangerous than burial in strong coffins, since this upsets many popular theories, but cremation makes little headway in popular favour.

THE BISHOP OF LONDON presided at a public meeting, held at St. James's Hall, to support the Licensing Committee of the County Council in their attempt to purify the Music Halls, and a resolution was moved by the Bishop of Bedford and seconded by Lady Sandhurst:—"That this meeting greatly rejoices at the determination of the Licensing Committee of the London County Council to reform the music halls of London, and earnestly hopes that the London County Council will sustain its own Committee in this urgently needed attempt to make the places of public amusement under their sanction fitter than some of them are at present for the entertainment of decent and respectable people." Amongst others who wrote to express their sympathy with the crusade were Archdeacon Farrar and Cardinal Manning.

THE BISHOP OF LINCOLN, in his Charge to the Clergy of his Diocese on Monday, dwelt upon the proceedings taken against him. His Lordship declared that he loyally accepted the decision of the Archbishop as his Metropolitan, but went on to express regret that His Grace had chosen a course which might lead to the privileges of the Episcopate being infringed.

THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER delivered his third quadrennial Charge to the Clergy of his Diocese on Monday afternoon, and announced that the first great duty of the Diocese during the next five years would be the restoration of the beautiful church of St. Saviour's, Southwark, which would need an expenditure of 35,000*l.* The church had, his lordship declared, played a central part in the history of Southwark, and was worthy of becoming the cathedral south of the Thames. His lordship advocated in some detail the establishment of Brotherhoods.

THE BISHOP OF DURHAM has been ordered by his medical advisers to spend the winter in a warmer climate, but will probably not leave England until the end of November. But the reports as to his lordship's state of health since his recovery from illness have been greatly exaggerated.

DIOCESAN CONFERENCES are now in full blast. They have been held in Gloucester, Bristol, Winchester, Bath and Wells, Lincoln, and Southwell.

THE DEATH of Prebendary Barnes removes a universally esteemed dignity of Exeter Cathedral. Prebendary Barnes will also be remembered for his warm friendship with General Gordon. It was at Heavitree that Gordon stayed just before his departure for Khartoum; and Prebendary Barnes received almost the last private letter the hero wrote from the beleaguered city.



THE REMARKABLE ACTIVITY of the Metropolitan and City Police in making raids upon betting and gaming houses continues to bear fruit. To the already numerous list of "clubs" which have been entered must be added that of the Coleman Club, at the corner of London Wall and Finsbury Pavement.—Zimmer, Rottke, Summerfeldt, and Schmidt were charged at the Marlborough Street Police Court with keeping the "Weiss Bier Club" in Charing Cross Road, and a large number of men and women with using that institution as a common gaming house. The case was, however, adjourned.—And, at the Clerkenwell Police Court, Mrs. Plowman was charged with permitting a house in the Goswell Road to be used for the purposes of betting, and remanded.—At Leicester Police Court, on Tuesday, a man named Godfrey was charged with keeping a gaming establishment, and forty-eight men with being found on the premises.

THE STIPENDIARY MAGISTRATE at the Manchester Police Court, on Monday, declined to accede to an application that James Swift (who stands charged with causing the death of the persons killed in the railway accident at Ardwick) should be discharged, on the ground that two coroners' juries had decided that the occurrence was purely one of misadventure.—A young man named Sayer stands charged on his own confession at the Marlborough Street Police Court with forging and uttering a cheque for 260*l.*—Eliza Scoffham was, on Monday, committed for trial by the Bridgnorth magistrates on a charge of obtaining 210*l.* on a forged cheque. The bank-cashier was hesitating whether he should hand her the parcel containing the money, when she snatched it up and ran off with it. He pursued her, but when he came up with her her appearance had so completely altered, that he would not have recognised her but for the parcel in her hand. This was the lady who recently obtained heavy damages from a Mr. Mills for false imprisonment.

THE INCORPORATED LAW SOCIETY is holding its annual provincial meeting at Leeds. The institution has entered upon an era of increased usefulness, since, by the Solicitors' Act of last year, it has become more than ever the recognised official authority, having the custody of the Roll of Solicitors (hitherto kept by the Petty Bag Office), and, to a large extent, the duty of initiating proceedings against members guilty of professional or personal misconduct. The President of the Society, Mr. Grinham Keen, at Leeds, on Tuesday, alluded, in by no means friendly terms, to Lord Halsbury's Land Transfer Bill, and laboured hard to show that the opinion of the legal profession is opposed to a compulsory system of registration. But we doubt whether Mr. Keen was entitled to speak, as he ventured to do, on behalf of the public, who are certainly in favour of cheap transfer. Nor are the public, we conceive, so averse as Mr. Keen imagines to a public instead of a private trustee. Mr. Keen, like most lawyers, is in favour of establishing a Court of Criminal Appeal, and, like many of the leading members of the profession, sides with the Attorney-General against the Solicitor-General, in opposing the fusion of the two branches. Amongst other claims made on behalf of the Society, that of rendering solicitors eligible to be elevated to the County Court Bench, seems reasonable, since solicitors enjoy almost a monopoly of the practice in the County Courts, but we doubt whether the Incorporated Law Society can make out any right to representation in Parliament.



THE TURF.—There were twenty-two runners for the Cesarewitch, which was run on Thursday last week. But long before the winning-post was reached, it was evident that the race was over, and that there was only one in it. This was Mr. W. Goater's Primrose Day. This four-year-old mare, on the strength of rather the weakness of her previous performances, had been given only the feather-weight of 6st. 1 lb., and, as she had greatly improved, she won with the greatest ease. Veracity and Davenport, the favourites, made no sort of show in the race, and that deceiver, The Baron, was absolutely last. Ingram was second, Mercy third, and Mill Stream fourth. As a matter of course, Primrose Day who, including her penalty, has only 7st. to carry, is a strong favourite for the Cambridgeshire. But all depends upon the result of the objection which on Wednesday was lodged against her, on the ground of wrongful ownership. Of course, if disqualified for the Cesarewitch, she will be unable to run for the Cambridgeshire.

Of the other races at Newmarket, we may mention the Champion Stakes, in which poor Ayrshire made a lamentable last appearance, being beaten by Gold and Antibes, and pulling up very lame; the Newmarket Oaks, in which Pamela first beat Minthe and three others in an undecided over the wrong course, and then walked over; the Great Challenge Stakes, in which Heaume defeated Caerlaverock and Noble Chieftain; the Prendergast Stakes, which Memoir added to the Duke of Portland's pile; and the Newmarket Derby, in which Gold and Enthusiast succumbed to Testator.

T. Loates made a further advance last week, and on Saturday headed the list of winning jockeys with 537 mounts and 144 successes against the 535 mounts and 105 successes of George Barrett, his nearest opponent. He has been engaged as first jockey to the Duchess of Montrose next year at a retaining fee of 1,500*l.*

—The Stewards of the Jockey Club have disqualified Fullerton for the Ayrshire Handicap on the ground of wrong description, and the stakes therefore go to Woodland. Ténébreuse won the Prix Gladiateur at the Paris Autumn meeting on Sunday. Satiety has left the turf for the stud. Lord Calthorpe is said to have refused 14,000*l.* for him, offered by some foreign speculator. Let us hope his lordship will be rewarded for his patriotism. Satiety's fee will be 100 guineas.

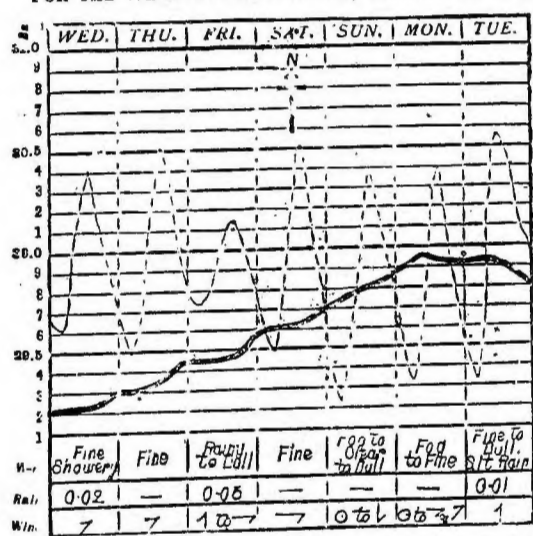
FOOTBALL.—The first half of the game between Sunderland and the Casuals on Saturday produced a very good struggle, but condition and the want of it told after that time; the amateurs tired considerably, and eventually the Scotchmen (nine of the Sunderlanders came from across the Tweed) won by three goals to one. On their return north, however, they met and were defeated by Wolverhampton Wanderers. In League matches, the heavy defeats inflicted by Preston North End, Aston Villa, and Notts County upon Bolton Wanderers, Derby County, and Accrington respectively are worthy of notice. Aston Villa afterwards journeyed to London, and, after a good game, just managed to defeat London Caledonians.—Rugbywise Bradford has defeated Halifax; Huddersfield Cardiff and Bristol successively; the Harlequins Richmond, and London Scottish Marlborough Nomads.

SCULLING.—If George Bubeare is our best professional oarsman, English professional oarsmanship is indeed in a parlous condition. On Monday Neil Matterson, the Australian, defeated him with the greatest ease over the Thames Championship Course, doing the distance, with the assistance of a very strong tide, in the "record" time of 22 min. 2 secs.—Young W. G. East won the Scullers' Sweepstakes on Saturday, beating among others the American, George W. Lee, once a very promising sculler.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Mr. William Burgess, the well-known pisciculturist, died last week. He was an enthusiastic angler; but where he killed thousands he brought millions into existence.—The billiard-season of the Aquarium began on Monday with a match, spot-barred, between Cook and Taylor.—Tom Burns, a well-known Liverpool athlete, is performing a curious feat. On Wednesday, last week, he dived from Runcorn Bridge, and swam to Liverpool. Thence he walked to London, where he arrived on Monday afternoon. Within an hour of his arrival he dived from London Bridge, and on Tuesday he left again to walk back to Liverpool, where he is booked to arrive this (Saturday) afternoon. We are glad to add that Burns's previous exploits have not all been of this futile character. He holds a Humane Society medal for having rescued from drowning a lady nearly 18 stone in weight!

WEATHER CHART

FOR THE WEEK ENDING TUESDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1889.



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the week ending Tuesday midnight (15th inst.). The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather during the first part of this week was stormy and rainy, but towards its close became quiet, dry, and fine generally. At the very commencement of the period, Wednesday (9th inst.), a large and deep depression was found off our North-West Coasts, and in the course of the day moved away in a North-Easterly direction, and dispersed. Heavy rain fell in the North of Ireland, and also in the Channel, while a Westerly gale was felt at some of our North-Western Stations. This disturbance was followed on Thursday (10th inst.) by another but shallower system to our North-Western Coasts, but although accompanied by heavy rain in the Northern parts of Ireland and Scotland, the winds (South-Westerly) were less severe than those which attended the previous depression. After Thursday (10th inst.) pressure distributed became very ill-defined, small local disturbances appearing in various parts of England, with extremely slight gradients for variable air generally. The equally showery conditions hitherto noticed, gradually died out, and during the latter portion of the time foggy cold mornings were followed as the day advanced by fine bright weather in nearly all parts of the country. Quite at the close of the week, however, a fresh disturbance appeared in the North-West, and the wind freshened from the Southward (South-East to South-West) in those regions, with rain in the South-West of Ireland, and cloudy skies, and those settled conditions in most other places. Temperature by day was about the normal or slightly above it everywhere, but below it by night very generally. The highest readings have reached or slightly exceeded 60° on one or two occasions at several of the Southern English Stations over Great Britain. The barometer was highest (29.96 inches) on Monday (14th inst.); lowest (29.31 inches) on Wednesday (9th inst.); range 0.65 inch. The temperature was highest (61°) on Tuesday (15th inst.); lowest (35°) on Sunday (13th inst.); range 26°. Rain fell on three days. Total fall 0.08 inch. Greatest fall on any one day 0.05 inch on Friday (11th inst.).

GREENWICH TIME will be adopted on the Austro-Hungarian railways, provided the German lines will accept the same system. At present the Austrian railway time is almost exactly an hour earlier than the British reckoning.

STILLING THE WAVES WITH OIL has been tried on an extensive scale in the Iceland fisheries this year with great success. Over a hundred fishing-boats go to the grounds from Dunkirk, so the Chamber of Commerce instituted a competition, and has received most interesting reports. The winner of the first prize relates that two bags of oil, containing a pint and a-half apiece, will calm the sea for two hours.

THE ONLY REVIEW EVER HELD BY FREDERICK III. OF GERMANY as Emperor has been commemorated in a large painting executed at Emperor William's request, and which has just been finished. It depicts the march-past of the Second Foot Guard Brigade before the late Emperor in the Charlottenburg Park—the present Emperor, then Crown Prince, being in command. Emperor Frederick is represented sitting in a carriage, the Empress and daughters standing beside him, and the Crown Prince on horseback close by, watching the troops as they defile past.



THE BOAT COMES IN—EXCITEMENT ON THE PIER



IN THE UNDERGROUND SHELTER—WAITING FOR THE WEATHER TO CLEAR

THE SEASON AT BRIGHTON



DRAWN BY W. SMALL

"What are you two conspiring about now" Lionel asked.

"THE NEW PRINCE FORTUNATUS"

By WILLIAM BLACK,

AUTHOR OF "A PRINCESS OF THULE," "MACLEOD OF DARE," &c.

CHAPTER XIV.

A MAGNANIMOUS RIVAL

THAT Monday night at the New Theatre was a great occasion; for although there were a few people (themselves not of much account, perhaps) who went about saying there was no one in London, an enormous house welcomed back to the stage those well-known favourites, Miss Burgoyne and Mr. Lionel Moore. And what had become of the Aivron and the Geinig now?—their distant murmurs were easily drowned in the roar of enthusiasm with which the vast audience—a mass of orange-hued faces they seemed across the footlights—greeted the prima donna and the popular young baritone. Nina was here also, in her subordinate part. And all that Miss Burgoyne could do, on the stage and off the stage, to attract his attention, did not hinder Lionel from watching, with the most affectionate interest, the manner in which his *protégé*, his old comrade Nina, was acquiring herself. *Clara* was perhaps a little bit too eager and anxious; she anticipated her cues; her parted lips seemed to repeat what was being said to her; lights and shadows of expression chased each other over the mobile features and brightened or darkened her eloquent eyes; and in her passages with *Grace Mainwaring* she was most effusive, though that other young lady maintained a much more matter-of-fact demeanour.

"Capital, Nina! Very well done!" Lionel exclaimed (to himself) in the wings. "You're on the right track. It is easier to tone down than to brace up. Don't be afraid—keep it going—you'll grow business-like soon enough."

Here *Clara* had to come tripping off the stage, and Lionel had to go on; he had no opportunity of speaking to her until the end of the act, when they chanced to meet in the long glazed corridor.

"You're a bit nervous to-night, Nina," he said, in a kindly way.

"But so as to be bad?" she said, quickly and anxiously.

"It was very well done indeed—it was splendid—but you almost take too much pains. Most girls with a voice like yours would merely sing a part like that and think the management was getting enough. I suppose you don't know yourself that you keep repeating what the other person is saying to you—as if he wasn't getting on fast enough."

She paused for a second.

"Yes, I understand—I understand what you mean," she said, rather slowly; then she continued in her usual way: "But to-night, Leo, I am anxious—oh, there are so many things!—this is the first time I act with Miss Burgoyne; and I wish them not to say I am a

stick—for your sake, Leo—you brought me here—I must do what I can—"

"Oh, Nina, you don't half value yourself!" he said. "You think far too little of yourself. You're a most wonderful creature to find in a theatre. I consider that Lehmann is under a deep obligation to me for giving him the chance of engaging you. By the way, have you heard what he means to do on Sunday week?"

"No—not at all!"

"Saturday week is the 400th night," he continued; "and to celebrate it, Lehmann is going to give the principal members of the company, and a few friends, I suppose, a dinner at the Star and Garter at Richmond. Haven't you heard?—but of course he'll send you a card of invitation. The worst of it is that it is no use driving down at this time of the year: I suppose we shall have to get there just as we please, and meet in the room; but I don't know how all the proper escorts are to be arranged. I was thinking, Nina, I could take you and Miss Girond down, if you will let me."

There was a bright, quick look of pleasure in Nina's eyes—but only for an instant.

"No, no, Leo," she said, with lowered lashes. "That is not right. Miss Burgoyne and you are the two principal people in the theatre—you are on the stage equals—off the stage also you are her friend—you must take her to Richmond, Leo."

"Miss Burgoyne?"

But here the door of Miss Burgoyne's room was suddenly opened, and the voice of the young lady herself was heard, in unmistakably angry tones:

"Oh, bother your headache! I suppose it was your headache made you split my blue jacket in two, and I suppose it was your headache made you smash my brooch last night—I wonder what some women were born for!"—And therewithal the charming *Grace Mainwaring* made her appearance; and not a word—hardly a look—did the indignant small lady choose to bestow on either Lionel or Nina as she brushed by them on her way up to the wings.

Yes, here he was in the theatre again, with all its trivial distractions and interests, and also its larger excitements, and ambitions, and rewards, not the least of which was the curious fascination he found in holding a great audience hushed and enthralled, listening breathlessly to every far-reaching, passionate note. Then his reappearance on the stage brought him a renewal of all the friendly little attentions and hospitalities that had been interrupted by his

leaving for Scotland; for if certain of his fashionable acquaintance were still away at their country-houses, there were plenty of others who had returned to town. Club-life had begun again, too. But most of all, at this time, Lionel was disposed to enjoy that quiet and gentle companionship with Nina, which was so simple and frank and unreserved. He could talk to her freely, on all subjects save one—and that he was trying to put away from himself, in these altered circumstances. He and she had a community of interests; there was never any lack of conversation—whether he was down in Sloane Street, drinking tea and trying over new music with her, or walking with Miss Girond and her in to the theatre, through the now almost leafless Green Park. Sometimes, when she was grown petulant and fractious, he had to scold her into good-humour; sometimes she had seriously to remonstrate with him; but it was all given and taken in good part. He was never embarrassed or anxious in her society; he was happy, and content, and careless, as she appeared to be also. He did not trouble to invent any excuse for calling upon her; he went down to Sloane Street just whenever he had a spare half-hour or hour; and if the morning was bright, or even passable (for it was November now, and even a tolerable sort of day was welcome), and if Miss Girond did not wish to go out or had some other engagement, Nina and he would set off for a stroll by themselves, up into Kensington Gardens, it might be, or along Piccadilly, or through the busy crowds of Oxford Street; while they looked at the shops and the passers-by, and talked about the theatre and the people in it, or about old days in Naples. There was no harm; and they thought no harm. Sometimes he could hear her hum to herself a fragment of one of the old familiar canzoni—"Antoniella Antonia!" or "Voca, voca, ncas' a mano" so light-hearted was she; and occasionally they said a word to each other in Neapolitanese—but this was seldom, for Nina considered the practice to be most reprehensible. What she had chiefly to take him to task for, however, was his incurable and inordinate extravagance—wherever she was concerned especially.

"Leo, you think it is a compliment?" she said to him, earnestly. "No, not at all; I am sorry. Why should you buy for me this, that, whatever strikes your eye, and no matter the price? I have everything I desire. Why to me?—why, if you must give, why not to your cousin you tell me of, who is so kind to the sick children, in boarding them in the country? There, now, is something worthy, something good, something to be praised—"

"Oh, preach away, Nina!" he answered, with a laugh. "But

I've contributed to Francie's funds until she won't take anything more from me—not at present. But why do you always talk about saving and saving? You are an artist, Nina, and you put such value on money!

"But an artist grows old, Leo," she said.

"Perhaps you have been saving a little yourself, Nina?" he said, at a venture.

"Oh, yes, I have, Leo, a little," she answered, rather shamefacedly.

"What for?" he made bold to ask.

"Oh, how do I know?" she said, with downcast eyes. "Many things might happen: is it not safer? No, Leo, you must not say I love money for myself; it is not fair to me; but—but if a dear friend is ill—if a doctor says to him 'suspend all work, and go away to Capri, to Algeria, to Eg—Egippo'—is it right?—and perhaps he has been indiscreet—he has been too generous to all his companions—he is in need—then you say 'Here, take mine—it is between friends.' Then you are proud to have money, are you not?"

"I'm afraid, Nina, that's what they call a parable," said he, darkly. "But I am sure of this, that if that person were to be taken ill, and were so very poor, and were to go to Nina for help, I don't think he would have to fear any refusal. And then, as you say, Nina, you would be proud to have the money—just as I know you would be ready to give it."

It was rarely that Nina blushed, but now her pretty, pale face fairly burned with conscious pleasure; and he hardly dared to look, yet he fancied there was something of moisture in the long, dark lashes; while she did not speak for some seconds. Perhaps he had been too bold in interpreting her parable?

Yes, there was no doubt that this spoiled favourite of the public, who lived amid the excitements, the flatteries, the gratifications of the moment, with hardly a thought of the future, was dreadfully extravagant, though it was rarely on himself that he lavished his reckless expenditure. Nina's protests were of no avail; whenever he saw anything pretty, or odd, or interesting, that he thought would please her, it was purchased there and then, to be given to her on the first opportunity. One day he was going through Vigo Street, and noticed in a shop-window a pair of old-fashioned, silver-gilt loving-cups—those that interclasp; and forthwith he went in and bought them: "I'll take those; how much are they?" being his way of bargaining. In the afternoon he carried them down to Sloane Street.

"Here, Nina, I've brought you a little present; and I'll have to show you how to use it, or you would never guess what it is for."

When he unrolled his pretty gift out of the pink tissue-paper Nina threw up her hands in despair.

"Oh, it is too much of a folly!" she exclaimed. "Why do you do it, Leo! What is the use of old silver to me!"

"Well, it's nice to look at," said he. "And it will help to furnish your house when you get married, Nina."

"Ah, Leo," said she, "if you would only think about yourself! It is always to-day, to-morrow, with you: never the coming years—"

"Yes, I know all about that," he interposed. "Now I'm going to show you how these are used. They're loving-cups, you know, Nina—"

"Loving-cups?" she repeated, rather timidly.

"Yes; and I will show you how the ceremony is performed. Now, will you get me some lemonade, Nina, and a little of the vermouth that I sent to Mrs. Grey?"

She went and got these things for him; and when she returned he poured into one of the tiny goblets about a teaspoonful of the vermouth, filling it up with the lemonade; then he put the other cup on the top of this one, so that they formed a continuous vessel; he shook the contents; then he separated the cups, leaving about half the liquid in each, and one of them he handed to Nina, retaining the other.

"We drink at the same time, Nina—with any kind of wishes you like."

She glanced towards him—and then shyly lowered her eyes—as she raised the small cup to her lips. What were her wishes? Perhaps he did not care to know; perhaps she would not have cared to tell.

"You see, it is a simple ceremony, Nina," he said, as he put the little goblet on the table again. "But at the same time it is very confidential. I mean, you wouldn't ask everybody to go through it with you—it would hardly, for example, be quite circumspect for you to ask any young man you didn't know very well—"

"Leo!"

The sound of her voice startled him: there were tears of indignation in it: he looked up and found she had grown suddenly pale.

"You," she said, with quivering lips, "you and I, Leo—we have drunk together out of these—and you think I allow any one else—any one living in the world—to drink out of them after that?—I would rather have them dashed to pieces and thrown into the sea!"

Her vehemence surprised him—and might have set any other person thinking; but he was used to Nina's proud and wayward moods; so he merely went on to tell her that there was nothing, after all, so very solemn in the ceremony of drinking from a loving-cup; and then he asked her whether she ought not to call Miss Girond, for it was about time they were going down to the theatre.

Of course the forthcoming dinner that Mr. Lehmann was about to give at the Star and Garter created quite a stir behind the scenes, where the routine of life is much more monotonous than the people imagine who sit in the stalls and regard the antics of the merry folk on the stage. There were all kinds of rumours and speculations as to who was going with whom, as to the number and quality of the visitors, and as to the possibility of the manager presenting each of his lady-guests with a little souvenir in honour of the occasion. So when Lionel was summoned to Miss Burgoyne's room one evening, he was not surprised to find her begin to talk of the following Sunday.

"Will you make yourself some tea, Mr. Moore?" she said, from the inner room. "There's some cake on the top of the piano. Then you can bring a chair to the curtain, and I'll talk to you—for I'm not quite finished yet."

He drew a chair to the little opening in the curtain, where he could hear what she had to say, and answer, without any indiscreet prying.

"I am at your service, Miss Grace," said he, lightly.

"How are you going down to Richmond on Sunday?" she asked at once.

"By train, I suppose."

There was a moment's silence—perhaps she was waiting for him to ask a similar question.

"Lord Denysfort is going to drive down," said the voice in the inner room.

"Lord Denysfort!" he said, contemptuously. "What she is the attraction now? I don't like that kind of thing: it gets the theatre a bad name. If I were Lehmann, I wouldn't have a single stranger allowed in the wings."

"Not unless they were your own friends," said the unseen young lady, complacently. "Now I know you're scowling. But I believe you are quite wrong. Lord Denysfort is simply a business-acquaintance of Mr. Lehmann's—there are money-matters between

them, and that kind of thing; and when he was asked to be present at the dinner, it was quite natural he should offer to drive some of us down. You have no particular detestation of lords, have you? What has become of the tall, handsome young man you brought to us at Henley—the lazy man—and didn't he come to the theatre one night?"

"Lord Rockminster?—he is in Scotland still, I believe."

"Somebody ought to put fireworks in his coat-tail pockets; but he's awfully good-looking—he's just frightfully handsome. He quite fluttered me."

"I say, Miss Burgoyne," Lionel interposed, quickly, "there's a sister-in-law of his coming to town shortly, on her way to Brighton—a Miss Cunyngnam—and I should like to have her mother and herself come behind for a little while, some night they were at the theatre—it is interesting to those people, you know—"

"You are the one who would have no strangers in the wings!" said the voice.

"And I want you to be civil to them—"

"Tea and cake? All right. But you haven't told me how you are going down to Richmond."

"Yes, I have. I'm going down by train, most likely."

"Oh, by train. I suppose I ought to accept Lord Denysfort's invitation."

"What's the good of driving at this time of year?" he asked. "It will be pitch dark."

"There will be a full moon, they say."

"You won't see it because of the fog. In fact, the whole thing is a mistake. The dinner should have been given in London."

"Oh, I think it will be great fun dining at a half-deserted hotel—it will be ghostly—and I'm going out on the terrace if it is as black as midnight."

"And what are you going to do with your gallant warrior—with the furious fire-eater who wanted to bring my humble career to a premature end?"

"I don't know whom you mean," said the voice, but with no great decision.

"You don't remember saving my life, then?" he asked. "Have you forgotten the duel that was to have been fought before I went to Scotland; and how you stepped in to protect me? If it hadn't been for you, I might have fallen on the gory field of battle—"

"It's all very well for you to mock," said she, "but there's nothing that young man wouldn't do for my sake; and I don't see anything to laugh at in true esteem and affection. They're too rare nowadays. I know one or two gentlemen who might be improved by a little more devotion and—and chivalry. But it's all *persiflage* nowadays. Everything is *commu*—"

"Behind the scenes, perhaps; but it's different when you import the fresh, the ingenious element from the outer world," said he (but what interest had he in the discussion?—he did not wear his heart on his sleeve for Miss Burgoyne to peck at). "Aren't you going to take Mr. Miles down with you?"

"Poor Percy!" said the now muffled voice (perhaps she had a pin in her teeth, or perhaps she was still further touching up her lips), "I suppose he would come if he were invited; but he doesn't know any of them."

"Why don't you ask Lehmann for an invitation for him?"

"What do you mean, Mr. Moore?" demanded the voice—sharply enough now.

"Oh, nothing."

"I consider you are very impertinent. Why should I ask for an invitation for Mr. Miles? What would that imply? Do you suppose I particularly wish him to be there?"

"Oh, I didn't mean to offend," Lionel said, quite humbly.

"Only—you see—the other night you showed me that ingenious dodge of covering the ring you wear with a bit of white india-rubber—and—and I thought it might be an engagement ring—worn on that finger—"

"Then you're quite wrong, Mr. Clever," said the voice. "That ring was given me by a very dear friend, a very, very dear friend—I won't tell you whether a he or a she—and it fits that finger; but all the same I don't want the public to think I am engaged. So there—for your wonderful guessing!"

"I'm sure I beg your pardon," said he; "I didn't mean to be inquisitive."

But at this moment the intervening curtains were thrown open, and here was *Grace Mainwaring*, in full panoply of white satin, and pearls, and powdered hair. She was followed by her maid. She went to the long mirror in this larger room, and began to put the finishing touches to the set of her costume and also to her make-up. Then she told Jane to go and get the inner room tidied; and when the maid had disappeared, she turned to the young baritone.

"Mr. Moore," said she, rather pointedly, "you are not very communicative."

"In what way?"

"I understand you are going to take Miss Ross and Miss Girond down to Richmond on Sunday: I don't see myself why you should conceal it."

"I never thought of concealing it!" he exclaimed, with a little surprise. "Why should a trifling arrangement like that be concealed—or mentioned either?"

Miss Burgoyne regarded herself in the mirror again, and touched her white wig here and there, and the black beauty-spots on her cheek and chin.

"I have been told," she remarked, rather scornfully, "that gentlemen are fond of the society of chorus-girls—I suppose they enjoy a certain freedom there that they don't meet elsewhere."

"Neither Miss Ross nor Miss Girond is a chorus-girl," he said—though he wasn't going to lose his temper over nothing.

"They have both sung in the chorus," she retorted, snappishly.

"That is neither here nor there," he said. "Why, what does it matter how we go down, when we shall all meet there on a common footing? It was an obviously simple arrangement—Sloane Street is on my way, whether I go by road or rail—"

"Oh, pray don't make any apology to me—I am not interested in the question," she observed, in a most lofty manner, as she still affected to be examining her dress in the mirror.

"I wasn't making any apology to anybody," he said, bluntly.

"Or explanation," she continued, in the same tone. "You seem to have a strange fancy for foreigners, Mr. Moore; and I suppose they are glad to be allowed to practise talking with any one who can speak decent English."

"Nina—I mean, Miss Ross—is an old friend of mine," he said, just beginning to chafe a little. "It is a very small piece of courtesy that I should offer to see her safely down to Richmond, when she is a stranger, with hardly any other acquaintance in London—"

"But pray don't make any excuse to me—what have I to do with it?" Miss Burgoyne said, sweetly. And then, as she gathered up her long train and swung it over her arm, she added: "Will you kindly open the door for me, Mr. Moore?" And therewith she passed out, and along the corridor, and up into the wings—he attending her, for he also was wanted in this scene.

Well, Miss Burgoyne might drive down to Richmond with Lord Denysfort or with any one else; he was not going to forsake Nina. On the afternoon appointed, just as it was dark, he called at the house in Sloane Street, and found the two young ladies ready, with nothing but their bonnets to put on. Both of them, he thought, were very prettily dressed, if Nina's costume had a somewhat

severer grace; and, indeed, that rather comported with Nina's demeanour towards this little French chatterbox, whom she seemed to regard with a kind of grave and young-matronly consideration and forbearance. When they had got into the brougham which was waiting outside for them, and had started away for Putney Bridge, it was Mlle. Girond who was merry and excited and talkative: Nina only listened, in good-humoured amusement. Mlle. Girond had never been to Richmond; but she had heard of it; she knew all about the beautiful view, and the terrace overlooking the river; and she was promising herself the romance and charm of a stroll in the moonlight.

"I don't see much sign of that full moon as yet," Lionel said to her, peering through the window of the brougham, "but I suppose the glare of the gas-lamps would hide it in any case. However, there's a good deal of fog always along the Thames at this time of year: don't be disappointed, Miss Girond, if you have to remain indoors. Indeed, it is far too cold to go wandering about among statues in the moonlight."

"And if in the dark, they will be all the more mysterious, do you not think?" said Miss Girond, eagerly. "And there will be surprises—perhaps a laugh, perhaps a shriek—if you run against some one?"

"Oh, no, I am not going to allow anything of that kind," said he. "I have to look after you young ladies, and you must conduct yourselves with the strictest decorum."

"Yes, for Nina," Miss Girond cried, gaily. "That is for Nina—for me, no! I will have some amusement; or I will run away. Who gave you control of me, Monsieur? I thank you; but I do not wish it."

"Estelle!" said Nina, in tones of grave reproach.

"Ah!" said the wilful young lady, and she put out the tips of her fingers as though she would shake away from her these too serious companions. "You have become English, Nina. Very well. If I have no more gay companion, I go out and seek a statue—I beckon to him—I defy him—ah! he freezes me—he nods his head—it is the Commendatore!" And then she sang, in portentous bass notes—

*"Don Giovanni, a cenar teco
M'invitasti—è son venuto!"*

Lionel let down the window.

"Do you see that, Miss Girond?"

Far away above the blue mists and the jet-black trees (for they were out in the country by this time) hung a small opaque disc of dingy orange.

"It is the moon, Leo!" cried Nina. "Ah, but so dull!"

"That is the fog lying over the low country," he said, "it may be clearer when we get to the top of the hill. It is to be hoped so, at all events. Fancy a theatrical company going out to a rustic festivity, and not provided with a better moon than that!"

However, when they eventually reached the Star and Garter, they had forgotten about the moon and the aspect of the night; for here were the wide steps and the portico all ablaze with a friendly yellow glow; and just inside stood Mr. Lehmann—with the most shining shirt-front ever beheld—receiving his guests as they arrived. Here, too, was Lord Denysfort, a feeble-looking young man, with huge ears and no chin to speak of, who, however, had shown some sense in engaging a professional whip to drive the four-in-hand down through the fog. Of course there was a good deal of bustle and hurry and confusion—friends anxious about the non-arrival of other friends and so forth—in the midst of which Lionel said to his two companions—

"Dinner will be a long time yet. The ladies who have driven down will be making themselves beautiful for another quarter of an hour. Suppose we go out on the balcony, and see whether any Miss Girond's statues are visible."

They agreed to this, for they had not taken off their cloaks; so he led them along the hall and round by a smaller passage to a door which he opened; they got outside, and found themselves in the hushed, still night. Below them, on the wide terrace, they could make out the wan grey plaster pillars and pediments and statues, among the jet-black shrubs; but beyond that all was chaos; the river and the wooded valley were shrouded in a dense mist, pierced only here and there by a small orange ray—some distant window or lamp. They wandered down the wide steps; they crossed to the parapet; they gazed into that great unknown gulf, in which they could descry nothing but one or two spectral black trees, their topmost branches coming up into the clearer air. Then they walked along to the southern end of the terrace; and here they came in sight of the moon—a far-distant world on fire it seemed to be, especially when the sombre golden radiance touched a passing tag of cloud and changed it into lurid smoke. All the side of the vast building looking towards them was dark—save for one window that burned red.

"Is that where we dine?" asked Nina, as they returned.

"Oh, no," Lionel answered. "Our room is at the end of the passage by which we came out—I suppose the shutters are shut. I fancy that is the coffee-room."

"I am going to have a peep in," Miss Girond said, as they ascended the steps again; and when they had reached the balcony, she went along to the window, leaving her companions behind, for they did not share in this childish curiosity. But the next moment little *Capitaine Crépín* came back, in a great state of excitement.

"Come, come, come!" she said, breathlessly. "Ah, the poor young gentleman—all alone!—my heart feels for him—Mr. Moore, it is piteous—"

"Well, what have you discovered now?" said Lionel—indifferently, for he was getting hungry.

"Come and see—come and see! All alone—no one to say a word—"

Lionel and Nina followed their eager guide along the dark balcony, until they had got near the brilliant red window. They looked in. The room was bright with crimson-shaded lamps, and its solitary occupant they made out clearly enough: it was Mr. Percival Miles—in evening dress, standing before the fireplace, gazing into the coals, his hands in his pockets.

"Ah," said Nina, as she quickly drew back, "that is the young gentleman who sometimes waits for Miss Burgoyne, is it not, Leo? And he is all by himself? It is hard."

"You think it is hard, Nina?" Lionel said, turning to her, as the three spies simultaneously withdrew.

"Oh, yes, yes!" Nina exclaimed.

"Well, you see," continued Lionel, as he opened the glass door to let his companions re-enter the hotel, "an outsider who comes sky-larking after an actress, and finds her surrounded by her professional friends and her professional interests, has to undergo a good deal of tribulation. That poor fellow has come down here to dine all by himself, merely to be near her. But mind you, it was that same fellow who wanted to kill me—"

"He, kill you!" Nina said, scornfully. "You allowed him to live—yes?"

"But I don't bear any malice. No, I don't. I'm going to make that boy just the very happiest young man there is in the kingdom of Great Britain this evening—"

"Ah, I know, I know!" exclaimed Nina, delightedly.

"Oh, no, you don't know. You don't know anything about it. What you and Miss Girond have got to do now is to go into the cloak-room and leave your things, and afterwards I'll meet you in the dining-room—"

"Yes, but you are going to Mr. Lehmann!" said Nina, with a laugh. "I do not know?"—yes, I do know. Ah, that is generous of you, Leo—that is noble." "Noble?"—trash!" he said; and he hurried these young people along to the disrobing room and left them there. Then he went to the Manager, who was still in the hall.

"I say," he began, without more ado, "there's a young friend of mine in this hotel whom I wish you'd invite to dine with us." The Manager looked rather startled—then hesitated—then stroked his waxed moustache.

"I—I presume a gentleman—friend?"

"Yes, of course," said Lionel, angrily. "It's a Percival Miles—why, you must have heard of Sir Barrington Miles—and this is his eldest son, though he's quite a young fellow—"

"Oh, very well; oh, yes, certainly!" said Mr. Lehmann, apparently very much relieved. "Will you ask him?"

"Well, no, I can't exactly," Lionel said. "But I will send him a formal note in your name—Mr. Lehmann presents his compliments—may I?"

"All right; but dinner will be served almost directly. Would you mind telling the waiters to lay another cover?"

About five minutes thereafter, when the company had swarmed into the dining-room—most of them chatting and laughing, but the more business-like looking for their allotted places at table—Mr. Percival Miles put in an appearance, very shy and perhaps a little bewildered, for he knew not to whom he owed this invitation.

Lionel had got a seat for him between Mlle. Girond and Mr. Carey, the musical conductor; if he could, and if he had dared, he would have placed him next Miss Burgoyne; but Miss Burgoyne was at the head of the table, between Lord Denysfort and Mr. Lehmann—besides, that fiery young lady might have taken sudden cause of offence. As it was, the young gentleman could gaze upon her from afar; and she had bowed to him—with some surprise clearly showing in her face—just as their eyes had met on his coming into the room. Lionel was next to Nina; he had arranged that.

It was a protracted banquet, and a merry one withal; there was a perfect babel of noise; and the excellent old custom of drinking healths with distant friends was freely adopted. Miss Girond did her best to amuse the good-looking boy whom she had been instrumental in rescuing from his solitary dinner in the coffee-room; but he did not respond as he ought to have done; from time to time he glanced wistfully towards the head of the table, where Miss Burgoyne was gaily chatting with Lord Denysfort. As for Nina, Nina was very quiet, but very much interested, as her dark, expressive eyes eloquently showed.

"It is so beautiful, Leo," she said. "Every one looks so well: is it the light reflected from the table?" And then she said in a lower tone: "Do you see Miss Burgoyne, Leo? She is acting all the time. She is acting to the whole table."

"That Albanian jacket of hers is gorgeous enough anyway," Lionel responded: he was not much interested—apparently—in the question of Miss Burgoyne's behaviour.

When dinner had been some little time over, the women-folk went away and got wraps and shawls, and the whole company passed outside, the men lighting their cigars at the top of the steps. The heavens overhead were now perfectly clear; the moonlight shone full on the long terrace, with its parapets, and pedestals, and plaster figures; while all the world below was shut away in a dense fog. Indeed, as the various groups idly walked about or stood and talked—their shadows sharply cut as out of ebony on the white stone—the whole scene was most extraordinary; for it appeared as though these people were the sole occupants of some region in cloud-land—a clear-shining region raised high above the forgotten earth.

"Lehmann is lucky," Lionel said to Nina. "I thought his moonlight effect was going to be a failure."

Miss Girond came up in an eager and excited fashion.

"Nina!"

"What is it, Estelle?"

"Monsieur of the pretty face," she said, in a whisper, "oh, so sad he was all dinner—regarding Miss Burgoyne, and she coquetting, oh, frightful, frightful!—but it is all right now—he was at the door when we came out—he takes her hand—'How you do, Miss Burgoyne?'—'Oh, how you do, Mr. Miles?'—and he leads her away before she can go to any one else. And there—away down there—do you see them? He has compensation, do you think?" She drew Nina a little aside, and sang into her ear—

"—Ce soir, as-tu vu
La fille à notre maître,
D'un air résolu
Guettant à sa fenêtre?
Eh bien! qu'en dis-tu?
—Je dis que j'ai tout vu,
Mais je n'ai rien cru;
Je l'aime, je l'aime,
Je l'aime quand même!"

—and then she broke into a malicious laugh.

"What are you two conspiring about now?" Lionel asked—from the bench on which he had carelessly seated himself, the better to enjoy his cigar.

"You must know the consequence of doing a good action, Leo," Nina said to him. "Do you see the black bushes—yonder—and the two figures? Estelle says it is Miss Burgoyne and the young gentleman who would have been all alone but that you intercede. Is it not owing a great deal to you?"

"Well, Nina, if there is any gratitude in woman's bosom Miss Burgoyne ought to be indebted to me too. She has got her pretty dear. I dare say he would have managed to procure a little interview with her, in some surreptitious way, in any case—I dare say that was his intention in coming down; but now that he is one of the party, one of the guests, she can talk to him before every one. And since I have been the means of bringing the pair of turtle-doves together, I hope they're happy."

"Ah, Leo, you do not understand," Nina said to him—for Miss Girond was now talking to Mr. Carey, who had come up.

"I don't understand what?"

"You do not understand Miss Burgoyne," said Nina.

"What don't I understand about her, then?"

Nina shook her head.

"Why should I say? You will not believe. Perhaps she is grateful to you for bringing in that young man—yes, perhaps—but if she would rather have yourself to go and talk with her and be her companion before all those people? Oh, you do not believe? No! you are too modest—as she is vain, and jealous. All during the dinner she was playing coquette, openly, for every one to see: Estelle says it was to pique the young man who came from the other room: no, Leo, it was not—it was meant for you!"

"Oh, nonsense, Nina!—I wasn't thinking anything about her!"

"Does she think that, Leo?" Nina said to him gently. "Ah, you do not know that woman. She is clever; she is cunning; she wishes to have the fame of being associated with you—even in a photograph for the shop-windows; and you are so blind! The duel?—yes, she would have liked that, too, for the newspapers to speak about it, and the public to talk, and her name and yours together; but then she says 'No, he will owe more to me if I interfere, and get an apology for him.' It is one way or the other

way—anything to win your attention—that you should care for her—and that you should show it to the world—"

"Nina, Nina," said he, "you want to make me outrageously vain. Do you imagine she had a single thought for me when she had Lord Denysfort to carry on with—he hasn't much in his head, poor devil, but a title goes a long way in the theatrical world—and when she could practise on the susceptibilities of her humble adorer who was further down the table? Oh, I fancy Miss Burgoyne had enough to occupy herself with this evening without thinking of me. She was quite busy."

"Ah, you do not understand, Leo," Nina said. "But some day you may understand—if Miss Burgoyne still finds you indifferent, and becomes angry. But before that, she will try much—"

"Nina!"

"You will see, Leo!" Nina said; and that was all she could say just then, for Mr. Lehmann came up to take the general vote as to whether they would rather have tea out here in the moonlight or return to the dining-room.

But any doubt as to the manner in which Miss Burgoyne regarded his intercession on behalf of Mr. Percival Miles was removed, and that in a most summary fashion, by the young lady herself. As they were about to leave the hotel, the men were standing about in the hall, chatting at haphazard, or lighting a fresh cigar, while they waited for the women folk to get ready. Lionel saw Miss Burgoyne coming along the corridor, and was glad of the chance of saying good-night to her before she got on to the front of Lord Denysfort's drag. But it was not good-night that Miss Burgoyne had in her mind.

"Mr. Moore," she said, when she came up, and she spoke in a low, clear, incisive voice that considerably startled him. "I am told it was through you that that boy was invited to the dinner to-night."

He looked at her in amazement.

"Well, what then?" he exclaimed. "What was the objection? I thought he was a friend of yours. That boy?—that boy is a sufficiently important person, surely—heir to the Petmansworth estates—why, I should have thought—"

She interrupted him.

"I consider it a gross piece of impertinence," she said, haughtily. "I suppose you thought you were conferring a favour on me! How dared you assume that any one—that any one—wished him to be present in that room!"

She turned proudly away from him without waiting for his reply.

"Lord Denysfort, here I am," said she; and the chinless young man with the large ears gave her his arm and conducted her down the steps. Lionel looked after her—bewildered.

(To be continued)



THAT illustrious institution the Comédie Française had reached almost the lowest point of its fortunes after the year 1848. Many excellent actors were still numbered among its *sociétaires*, but they played to empty benches. The house of Molière seemed to have lost touch with the national life of the time. Bad management and a too great deference to tradition had something to do with this state of affairs; the political excitement of the Revolution year of '48 seemed to have turned people's thoughts quite away from the theatre. This was the state of affairs when M. Arsène Houssaye, the brilliant dramatist and literary free-lance, was summoned one day to the Elysée by the Prince-President of the Republic, afterwards Napoleon III. With the President M. Houssaye found Rachel, then in the fullest possession of her marvellous powers. With hardly any preliminaries M. Houssaye was offered the directorship of the Comédie Française; with as little hesitation he accepted the post. Rachel acknowledged that she had pressed the President to appoint M. Houssaye because among all the likely men for the post he was the one of whom she knew least. Had M. Houssaye known what was in store for him he would not, perhaps, so lightly have accepted the responsibility. The *sociétaires* were furious when they discovered that a director had been placed over them. Rachel and M. Houssaye on their arrival at the theatre were refused the privilege of the free list. The actors banded together to oppose the new director tooth and nail. They did not know their man. M. Houssaye displayed infinite tact and patience. He describes a scene in which the angry actors and actresses came to him one by one with their complaints. He appeased them all, and made the women, at least, his friends. The whole thing reads like a scene from a comedy of Molière. "Behind the Scenes at the Comédie Française" (Chapman and Hall) is the title M. Houssaye gives to his amusing book, which has just been done into English by M. Albert D. Vandam. M. Vandam, we may say at once, has done his work very well, adding whenever necessary short explanatory notes. Houssaye held the reins at the theatre, despite all attempts to dislodge him, until 1856, and during that period the theatre saw some of its greatest successes. We have not space to even summarise the names of the great plays, actors, and authors, of whom M. Houssaye has so much that is interesting to say. His book is witty, and full of information. It is much more, too, than mere gossip. It is a really important contribution to the history of the France of yesterday, and to the literature of all time.

"Mary Howitt: an Autobiography" (2 vols.: William Isbister, Limited), edited by her daughter, Margaret Howitt, is not perhaps one of the most fascinating of recent biographies; but it is one, nevertheless, which may be read with interest from cover to cover. If Mary Howitt and her husband, William, were not persons of genius, if they contributed little or nothing to the original thought of their country, they were at least industrious workers in literature, and their pursuits brought them into contact with a number of famous persons. If, then, it is only for what we can read of others these volumes would be interesting. The materials for these volumes were prepared by Mary Howitt late in life, chiefly in her Bavarian home. The narrative of her husband's early life is written by himself, and is woven into the wife's story. A placid childhood at Uttoxeter ended in 1809, and in 1821 she married. From 1824 to 1830 Mary and William Howitt lived at Nottingham, quietly working at "The History of Priestcraft," "The Rural Life of England," and other books which have made their joint names famous. Glimpses we get of other literary persons famous at that time—of poor "L. E. L.," of Alaric Watts and his wife Zillah, of Ainsworth, and also of Dickens. With the beginning of 1848, when the industrious couple settled in Avenue Road, Regent's Park (William doing miscellaneous journalism, and Mary writing for the Tract Society, "which pays well," and trying to write orthodox), the narrative becomes more lively. Harriet Martineau became an acquaintance, they go to the first Exhibition, the "P. R. B.'s" are just being heard of, and the slavery question is coming prominently to the front. As an instance of the slow growth of movements in England, we may mention that as long ago as 1856 Mary Howitt was agitating for the purchase of Parliament Hill, Hampstead, for the people; a scheme which was carried into effect last year! Much of the latter part of the book is occupied with foreign travels. The happy

married life of this united couple continued far into old age, and when William Howitt died, his wife took up her residence abroad. The last event of consequence in the book is Mary Howitt's conversion to the Romish Church—a conversion, according to her own narrative, tremblingly entered upon, and completed with hesitation. "I hope," she said, "it is all right." They were fine characters, those Quaker writers, with their rigid views of conduct, their Nonconformist love of freedom, their half-hearted interest in Art. They did honest, substantial, work, and left the world better than they found it. Their simple and industrious lives offer many lessons, and as edited by Miss Margaret Howitt—they may be read with a great deal of quiet interest.

On its first appearance we gave some space to a notice of Mr. J. W. C. Haldane's "Civil and Mechanical Engineering, Popularly and Socially Considered" (E. and F. N. Spon). We need, therefore, only say now that a new edition of the work has been published in an enlarged and improved form. The book is exceedingly interesting, and very well worth reading. Civil and mechanical engineering are perhaps the greatest of modern sciences; they are those, at any rate, whose work is most directly interesting to the people generally. Mr. Haldane writes of his own studies with enthusiasm, and without any technicality. Anecdotes abound in his pages, and the subject is treated so that the details of engineering triumphs become almost as interesting as a romance.

Mr. W. L. Courtney's "Life of John Stuart Mill" in the "Great Writers' Series" (Walter Scott) is excellent work. The biographical part is written with much judgment, and the delicate topic of Mill's friendship with Mrs. Taylor is handled with great discretion. The exposition of Mill's philosophical and religious opinions, too, is very clear and full.

"For Good Consideration," by Edward Butler (Elliot Stock), is one of three volumes of random essays for which the great success of "Obiter Dicta" is in great measure responsible. Though there may be many imitators, there is but one master, and no one has yet touched Mr. Birrell's level in these kind of essays. Mr. Butler has observation, some humour, and a considerable sense of style. But these by themselves are not enough; it is the kernel which is absent—the originality of mind, the individuality of view.

There is much that is true and lofty in "Last Words to Girls" (Rivingtons), a thoughtful series of papers addressed to young girls, by that veteran educationalist, Mrs. William Grey. Few women have done more than Mrs. Grey for "the higher education of women," and few are better qualified to address young girls on the subject of self-culture. Some of our frivolous and novel-reading young ladies of to-day would find new worlds for thought in the closing papers of Mrs. Grey's book—the three on "The Service of Women."

"Museums and Art Galleries," by Thomas Greenwood (Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.), is so excellent a work that we have little doubt that it will soon pass into a second edition. Mr. Greenwood truly says that the subject is practically without a literature, and his own book is a good attempt to fill the gap. There are a few omissions and one or two mistakes; but that is little in such a book, covering so large an amount of ground. Museums are becoming of more and more importance, and Mr. Greenwood's book is likely to be the standard work for some time to come.



THOMAS MURBY'S Cantatas are making their appearance in readiness for the winter holidays, more especially those composed for young folks. "Lost Dimplechin," a fairy cantata for juvenile voices, with pianoforte accompaniment, written by E. Glenton, music by Thomas Murby, is one of the best of its class, no light praise when so much really good music is produced in this form. The plot is simple; the subject a little maiden who stays from home, loses her way in a forest, is taken prisoner by goblins, and incarcerated in a coal cellar from whence she is rescued by the Queen of the Fairies and her attendants; boys will find some good fun in the characters of the goblins; the comic song, "The Bear and the Dodo," if given by the Goblin King with due spirit, will be heartily applauded. Dimplechin has more than one pretty solo, the choruses for the fairies and their queen are really charming, more especially the unaccompanied chorus "Sleep, Sleep." Thomas Murby is quite a specialist in composing for children. His music, although so simple and tuneful, bears the stamp of a musician's hand.

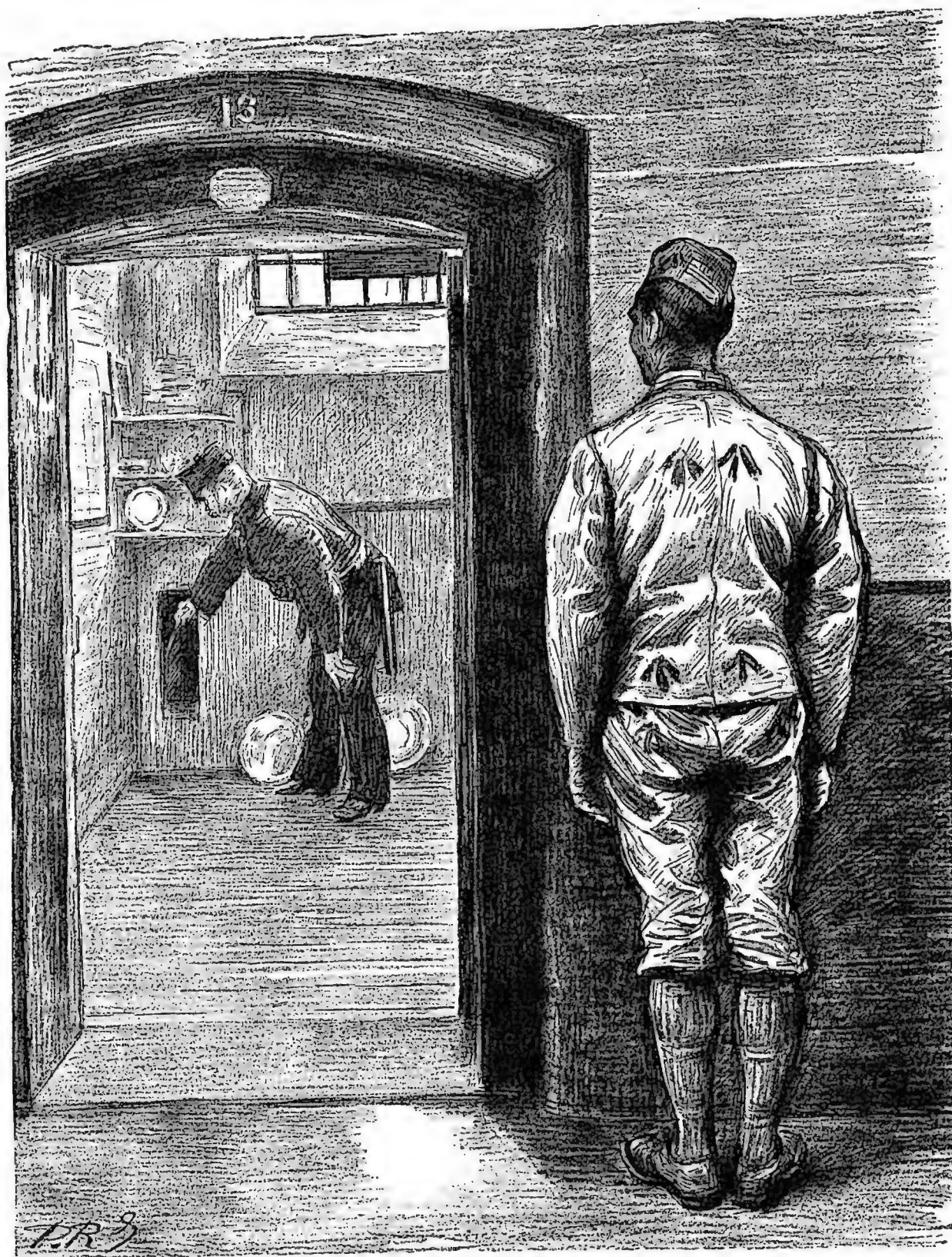
MESSRS. W. MORLEY AND CO.—Four very good songs, by well known and popular composers, are: "At Her Spinning Wheel," written and composed by W. H. Bellamy and Maude V. White, which is of the pianoforte piece, with a vocal accompaniment school, and requires careful and delicate playing to produce a good effect; "On Conway Quay," a pathetic tale of the sea, by Clifton Bingham, music by H. Trotter; "Will You Come Back to Me?" a plaintive love-song with a happy ending, words and music by Frank L. Moir; and "The Captain of the Lifeboat," a spirited and dramatic song, written and composed by F. E. Weatherly and Louis Diehl, which will be a sure favourite in the mess-rooms of our sailors and soldiers.—Two very pleasing and dance-inspiring waltzes are: "Nuit d'Amour," by Theo Bonheur; and "Pompeii Valse," by Hermann Rosa. Both are attractively frontispiced.

MESSRS. A. HAMMOND AND CO.—Very apropos at this season, when students are settling down to work for examinations, comes "A Short Musical History and Biography," by Albert L. Draper, A.M.O.C. This concise and well-arranged little book is especially designed for the use of candidates for Theoretical Examinations, and is admirably adapted for the object intended.—Three of the latest issues of "The Academic Edition of Pianoforte Music" are: "Six Nocturnes" (No. 15), by Alfred Sergeant, smoothly written and meritorious compositions, well suited for the drawing-room; "National Airs of All Countries" (No. 16), thirty-eight in number, for the most part well known, including "God Save the Queen," "The Rule Britannia," "The Austrian and Russian Hymns," and "The Watch on the Rhine"; this little volume will find favour where classical music is voted dull and wearisome.—"Gavottes, Minuets, &c., Ancient and Modern" (No. 20), contains fifteen of these popular dances, by various composers, all more or less known, including "Souvenir de Marie Thérèse Gavotte" (C. Neustadt), "Gavotte in G Minor (Bach)," "Menuetto Grazioso" (Boccherini), and the time-honoured "Menuet de la Cour."—A group of pieces for the pianoforte, which will please in the home circle, consists of "Marche Funèbre" and "Nous Reverrons-Nous?" by Alfred Sergeant; "Processional March," by Ewart West; "Inspiration," a *Tonstück*, by Gustav Lange; and "La Tyrolienne," by Walter F. Newton.

ALFRED HAYS.—"Our Noble Defenders," a national song, words by E. Foskett, F.R.S.L., music by Tito Mattei, is well calculated for a popular concert, albeit it is a trifle boastful.—There is go and spirit in "Ours," words from the French of Louis Lapie, English version by Richard Henry, music by J. Baldran, a merry tale of a cantinière's adventures in the camp and in the barrack-yard.—Tuneful and danceable is "Warbling Valse," by Françoise Moirai.

CONVICT LIFE AT WORMWOOD SCRUBS PRISON—PART III.

DRAWN BY PAUL RENOUARD. WRITTEN BY F. W. ROBINSON, AUTHOR OF "GRANDMOTHER'S MONEY," &c.



WARDER EXAMINING THE CELLS BEFORE THE CONVICT IS LOCKED UP FOR THE NIGHT

IN our preceding article we directed attention to the fact of the building of Millbank Prison costing the public the enormous sum of 450,310*l.* As a prison it was almost a failure from the first; as a specimen of gaol architecture it is simply a monstrosity. The cost of the prison at Wormwood Scrubs—"all within the walls when complete"—will be 96,755*l.*, a striking example of what saving can be effected by convict labour. The officers' quarters, outside the prison—well-built and handsome houses, eight of them, whilst forty-two are of smaller design, and for the use of warders and other subordinate officers—represent an additional expense of 12,532*l.* The sum expended in the erection of temporary buildings (3,663*l.*) is not included in the figures enumerated, nor the cost of the prison roadway, 920 yards long, which was constructed, we learn, for the sum of 3,270*l.*

On the system of averages, the cost of Wormwood Scrubs Prison is at the rate of 70*l.* 1*s.* 3*d.* per cell—a satisfactory result as figures prove and times go, and a cell at Wormwood Scrubs is a cleverly-constructed and well-thought-out piece of work, considered either from a sanitary point of view or with regard to the safe custody of the convict in charge. Each cell has its outlet for foul air and its inlet for fresh warmed air. The ventilation seems perfect. A cell is some ten feet in width and thirteen feet in length, and there is plenty of breathing space for the captive. Each cell is furnished with a plank bed, a set of shelves for his Bible and Testament, his book from the prison library, and his pint tin, a fixed table and stool, and a bell-push to the right of the door, should there be any necessity—as in the event of illness—for the prisoner to summon the officer on duty in the ward. This bell is connected with an indicator which springs forth when the bell is sounded, and remains in evidence outside the cell door as to the party who has rung. This indicator is of use in other ways also.

When a gang of convicts has returned from its work, each man, after having passed into his cell and closed his door behind him, has to ring his bell, which releases the indicator outside, and stands as sufficient evidence that A or B or C is "at home." A glance down the long lines of closed doors, each with its clearly-defined little indicator projecting, enables the warders to make sure that their charges are all safely housed and under lock and key till further notice.

Even prisoners have their frivolous moments, and some of them are quick to appreciate the humour of the situation. Conscious of visitors being shown the workings of the indicators, the prisoners, who had been counted and seen into their cells before tea-time, set up a vigorous pulling of these bells on the occasion of our visit. The indicators were already out, and there was no evidence remaining as to what particular convict "was up to his larks," and tugging at his bell with unnecessary vigour and much vain repetition. Hence the bells in the various rows of cells from floor to ceiling were tingling at unlooked-for intervals all over the block, till a sharp remonstrance or two from the warders to "stop that" subdued the majority to quiescence—only the majority, for a little defiant "ringing" here and there sounded out till the loaves and tea and gruel were ready, and there was more sober business on hand.

In the cells of Millbank Prison the gas-lights used to be placed inside the cell—a clumsy contrivance, which has been improved upon here, and probably in most prisons by this time. Each cell is now lighted by a jet of gas from the outside which shines through an aperture on the left of the door. In the door itself is of course the usual "inspection" through which the warder on duty can at any time take stock of his prisoner.

The blocks of the cells, by the way, at Wormwood Scrubs Prison do not radiate from a common centre, as in the case of most modern

establishments of the kind. The cell-blocks are arranged parallel with one another, north and south, separated by a space sufficient to give room for the workshops, kitchen, &c., between them. The cells are in tiers, all opening into a spacious corridor, round which run galleries by which the cells are approached by the convicts and their custodians. There is a brightness and lightness in the *tout-ensemble* not frequently met with in a convict prison at all.

"All the cells," says Major-General Sir Edward Du Cane, "have sunlight in them at some time of the day. There are no dank, dark courts and corners, as there must necessarily be on the radiating plan, and the cell windows of one block do not overlook the yard attached to another block."

During the first nine months of a prisoner's sentence he is relegated exclusively to his cell, and the time is spent in separate confinement. Here he does his shoemaking, his Post-office bags, his tailoring, his sack-making, and at times—and if an untractable being altogether, as is sometimes the case—his oakum-picking, the lowest and most objectionable class of work. "Coal-sacks and bags for the Admiralty," it is said in the Governor's Report, "have been made in large quantities, and have proved, as heretofore, a very suitable and remunerative work for convicts undergoing their separate confinement." The making of boots for the police was also a branch of industry practised in this prison to a great extent, but which, we understand, has now been transferred to Chatham.

"During no part of a convict's sentence," says the Chaplain of Wormwood Scrubs, "is he so amenable to good influence as in the first period of nine months spent in separate confinement. The isolation and consequent freedom from contamination give abundant time for reflection, and prepare the way for kindly counsel and religious instruction." The chaplain, it may be remarked, sees every prisoner who desires an interview with him, and also pays frequent visits to the convicts in their cells, and who have not expressed any wish for religious advice or instruction. "Spontaneous cellular visitation," he adds, "is of the utmost importance."

It may be mentioned here, as an adjunct to this, that the inauguration of "the star system," as it is called, and which came into existence about 1879, has been followed by very satisfactory results as to the well-being and the moral progress of the convict. A man who does not appear to have been previously convicted, and whose antecedents bear the test of an inquiry, becomes one of this class, and wears a star upon his arm significant of the fact.

The testimony of the Governor of Wormwood Scrubs is of great value as to the merits of this scheme:—"I consider it," he says, in his late excellent Report, "to be a most useful means of reclaiming men who, though convicts, are not habitual criminals; and, as a proof, I may add that, out of the number of re-convicted men (270) received into this prison from local prisons during the past year, only some three or four had been 'star class' men while undergoing their former sentences."

And yet the "star-class" men as well as the women at Woking Female Prison, to which we have already drawn attention, may very probably be the longest-sentenced convicts, and be suffering punishment for "murder most foul," or for some desperate deed to which the drink fiend has impelled them. These men feel the "stings and stabs" of remorse very acutely, and it is only in association that they harden and turn for the worse.

For our own part, we believe the time will come when the association plan will be once more in the foreground of prison questions. The experience of most officials, from the principals to the warders and assistant warders, is very much against it.

"Why, what can they talk about, sir," remarks an intelligent warder to us, "when they get together? What must they talk about, I should like to know, but their old tricks, and their old pals, and arrange plans for meeting when they are out again? That's all they do." "We should get on considerably better here," adds the governor of a large prison which we inspected a few months since, "if it were not for the association. We have too much of it. It is altogether a mistake, in my opinion."

The prisoner in his separate cell has rather a harassing time of it, however—it is just possible that if a little more confidence were placed in him it would not be quite amiss. He is troubled with visitors at all times and seasons—sudden raids, as it were, are made upon him, and very much, doubtless, to his disgust as well as his surprise. The cells are persistently searched, and a man at any moment may be told to leave his work and his tools and come out into the corridor and stand very upright and with his face to the wall, whilst the warder has a quiet rummage over the convict's effects. One need not say that it goes very hard with the convict if anything be discovered to which he is not legitimately entitled—even a nail or a screw, especially a screw of tobacco, which will find its way into the best regulated prisons at times, and by means entirely unaccountable. The craving for tobacco, we may add, is inherent in the convict's breast; he will do a great deal in the way of evasion of the rules to obtain it.

In the Warders' recreation-room, to which a prisoner may even given access for various reasons—for orderly purposes, &c.—even the one shred of tobacco lying on the floor will act as a bait to the convict, and he will use every means within the limits of becoming service to secure it, dropping a broom or a book, or himself even, so as to become the owner of that one flake of tobacco, if human ingenuity can accomplish the endeavour.

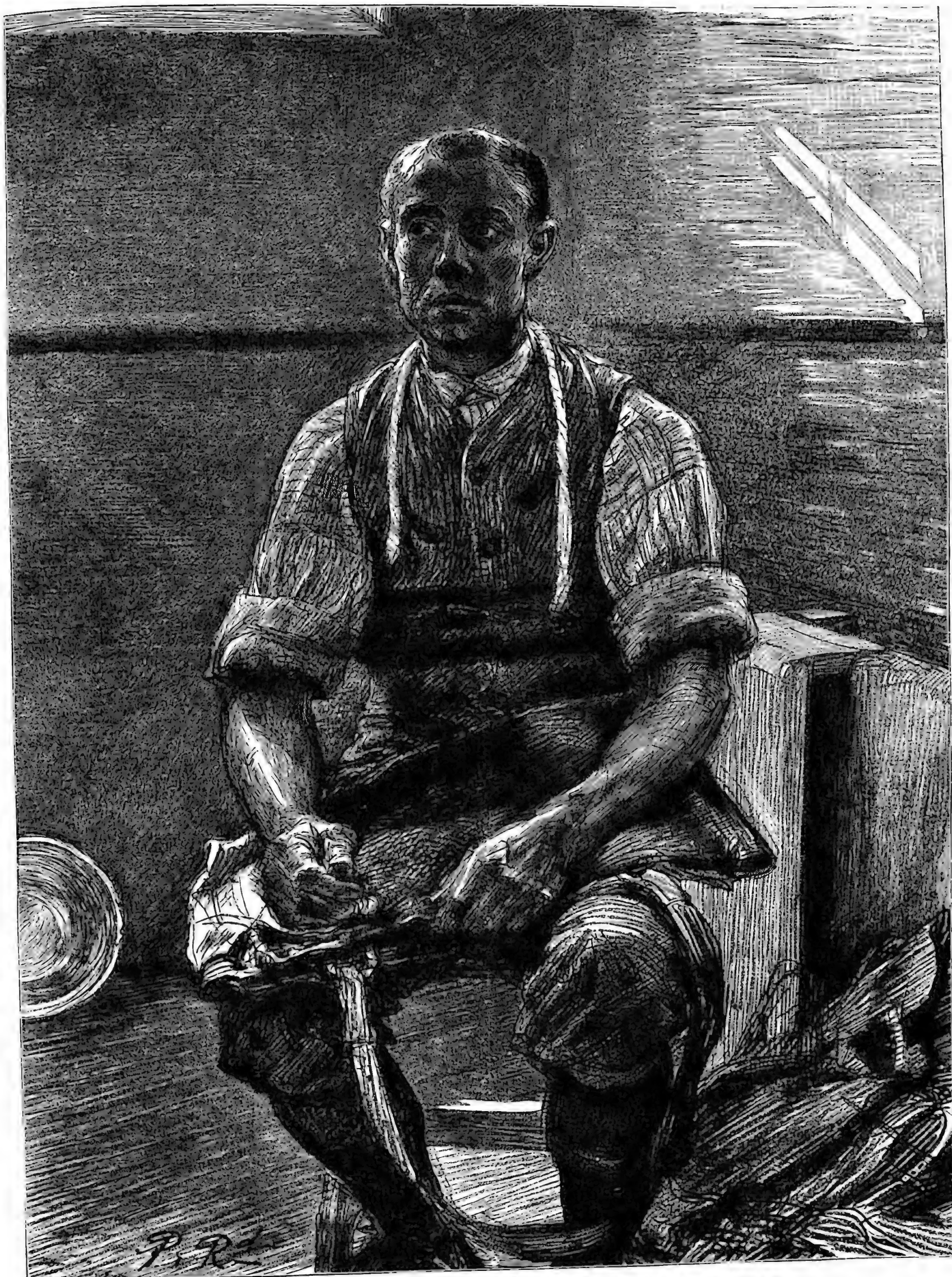
In the separate cells faces that one has seen at police-courts or in courts of justice flash out strangely at times. One man during our rounds struck us at once.

"Sarni?" was the question put interrogatively to our warder—for Sarni it was—the man who was tried for the murder of his children and acquitted, and afterwards received the sentence of penal servitude for life for the wilful destruction by fire of his Strand premises, a *cause célèbre* that the public has not forgotten yet.

Our custodian, to our thinking, gave a half-affirmative nod, but added very gravely,

"We are not allowed to mention the name of any prisoner whom we have got in charge," a reproof to one's curiosity which we accepted humbly, and in the fair spirit in which it was meant. The prison is not an exhibition like Madame Tussaud's Chamber of Horrors, the visitor should always bear in mind, but he does not He is—present company, of course, excepted—a very embarrassing party to deal with at all times and seasons, and occasionally puts very awkward questions.

The punishment cells at Wormwood Scrubs appear to live a ward to themselves, instead of being scattered in various wards or old



A CONVICT AT WORK IN HIS CELL—HE PAUSES IN HIS TASK AS HE HEARS THE SOUNDS OF THE OUTER WORLD

CONVICT LIFE AT WORMWOOD SCRUBS PRISON

DRAWN BY PAUL RENOUARD



THE Imperial meeting in GERMANY passed off with every outward sign of success. Only the element of popular cordiality was wanting. The Berliners were extremely cool to the Czar, and neither decorated their houses nor crowded the streets with the enthusiasm they displayed towards the Sovereigns of Italy and Austria. But the official reception was most elaborate and effusive, and the public silence was hidden by the greetings of the troops, and the being turned out. There was some little constraint, too, at the gala banquet. Emperor William, usually so self-possessed, seemed nervous, while both Monarchs made unexpectedly curt speeches. Thus the German Emperor simply remarked that he was resolved to cultivate the Russo-German friendship as a legacy received from his ancestors, to which the Czar responded that he entirely shared His Majesty's sentiments. Moreover, the Czar spoke in French, to the general annoyance, for he is well at home in German, and can be ignorant of Emperor William's objection to French being used not be ignorant of Emperor William's objection to French being used at Court. Subsequently, however, matters improved, the Czar was persistently amiable, and by the time he left on Sunday the two Sovereigns seemed on most affectionate terms. Indeed, Emperor William toasted the Russian army with great enthusiasm when accompanying the Czar to a lunch given by the Prussian Alexander Guard Regiment to their honorary chief. Alexander III. paid marked attention to Prince Bismarck, holding several long interviews with the Chancellor, while, after the Czar left on his two days' visit to the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, Emperor William spent an hour with Prince Bismarck discussing the results of the visit. With all its drawbacks, the Imperial meeting has undoubtedly produced a satisfactory and peaceful impression. This improvement of the Russo-German relations is especially marked by the tone of the Press in both countries. The Russian journals which formerly showered abuse on their neighbour even bid for her alliance, and the *Novoe Vremya* states that "the preservation of European peace is dependent exclusively on the policy pursued at Berlin." The German Press were so silent on the Czar's arrival that the official *Reichsanzeiger* was obliged to give him the customary welcome, but they now speak more cordially, and echo the hope that European peace has been strengthened by the mutual confidence re-established. Austria is also hopeful, and suggests that the meeting will have a favourable bearing on the Eastern Question. Now, there is less stress laid on the importance of Emperor William's coming visit to Constantinople, which is formally announced to bear no political significance. The Porte, however, is preparing most elaborate festivities, including a large review, and His Majesty is expected about November 1st. After observing the late Emperor Frederick's birthday yesterday, the German Emperor and Empress start to-day (Saturday) for Monza, to spend two days with the King and Queen of Italy on their way to Athens. Emperor William leaves domestic affairs in a very quiet condition. The quarrel between the Cartellists and the *Kreuz Zeitung* party has subsided, the editor of the latter journal withdrawing his candidacy to the Reichstag out of loyalty to the Emperor, while Count Waldersee gives a fresh disclaimer that he meddles in politics. When the Reichstag meet next Tuesday they will have to consider the proposed line of steamers to East Africa, to which the Government promise a subsidy of 45,000*l*.

Following so closely on the Imperial meeting, Signor Crispi's speech has aroused deep interest abroad as well as in ITALY. When being enthusiastically entertained at a banquet at Palermo, the Premier gave a most rosy sketch of the present condition of the kingdom, and, though he touched very cautiously upon the Triple Alliance, he declared plainly that a great State cannot live in political isolation. "Otherwise the great questions upon which hang the future of the world would be solved without us, and our national activity confined within the natural frontiers of the State, and Italians would be degraded and oppressed." The Government policy sought above all to maintain peace, and to allow Italy to take her proper place among the great nations of the world. Her commercial condition was most promising, and improved every day, having suffered very little from breaking off the relations with France. The Premier was studiously conciliatory to the French, and announced that all differential duties between the two countries will shortly be abolished. He showed, unmistakably, that there is no prospect of yielding to the Pope, who, said Signor Crispi, has perfect spiritual liberty, but can never be allowed temporal power. This declaration will probably elicit a bitter reply from His Holiness when he presently receives the great body of French pilgrims coming to Rome. After insisting on the necessity of combating Anarchism, Signor Crispi closed with a triumphant vindication of his colonial policy, adding that, though the danger of war recently existed, the hope of peace at present rests on a firm basis. Italian colonisation schemes have indeed prospered, for now that Italy has formally declared her protectorate over Abyssinia, she holds a strong position in Africa to counterbalance the French possession of Tunis. The Government have guaranteed a loan of 16,000*l*. to King Menelek, which will chiefly serve to open up commercial routes in Abyssinia.

FRANCE enjoys a brief rest after her late excitements. Until Parliament meets, next month, there will be little stirring, and politicians are mostly busy organising their forces. Energetic efforts are being made both to unite the scattered Republican groups into a solid coalition, and to induce the Conservatives to join the Moderate Republicans for the time, as Monarchy just now is hopeless. M. Spuller, the Foreign Minister, made a distinct bid for this latter support when speaking at Epineuse, where he went to unveil a monument commemorating Gambetta's descent from a balloon during the war of 1870. One of the Moderates, too, will probably be President of the new Chamber, either M. Brisson or M. Léon Say, while M. Floquet is also a favourite. Deputies are hastening to PARIS, where there is great rejoicing that the Exhibition will be kept open till November 6th, to complete its six months' existence. The Exhibition is as attractive as ever, although its tropical inhabitants have been driven home by the cold weather, and crowds pour in daily, including such Royal visitors as King Milan, Prince Ferdinand, and the sister of the German Empress. A grand Beauty Show also amuses visitors, and a detachment of Highlanders are exhibiting their national sports. Shareholders in the ill-fated Panama Canal are more hopeful, for a Commission starts next month to report on the works, and on the best mode of completing the canal, while the liquidator holds out expectations that the concession will be renewed. The strike-fever has again broken out, this time at Lens, near Arras, where the miners cause serious disturbances.

PORTUGAL hourly expects the death of her King. Dom Luis has been ill for months past, and the sciatic neuralgia from which he suffers has finally resulted in paralysis. He was lately moved to Cascaes, in hopes of benefiting by the sea-air, but without result, for a change for the worse set in on Tuesday, and the Royal family assembled, anticipating his decease. The last Sacraments were subsequently administered. King Luis is nearly fifty-one years old, and has

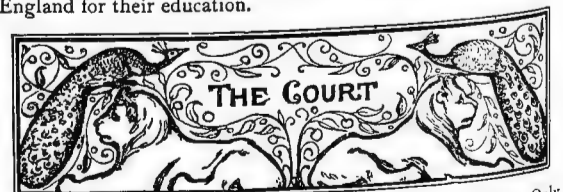
reigned for twenty-eight years, having succeeded his brother, Pedro V. He married Maria Pia, sister of Victor Emmanuel of Italy; and his heir is his son the Duke of Braganza, who is twenty-six years of age, and married to the Comte de Paris' eldest daughter.

The sudden departure of Prince Ferdinand from BULGARIA provided a fresh sensation in EASTERN EUROPE. The Prince left Sofia secretly for Austria, informing his astonished people by proclamation that he was taking a brief holiday to see his mother, and that he had appointed M. Stambouloff Regent. Naturally this unexpected step roused innumerable rumours. Matrimonial intentions and financial difficulties are variously ascribed as the cause; and, above all, the Prince has been credited with the object of meeting the Czar, in the hopes of obtaining recognition. It is even stated that Prince Bismarck urged him to be at hand whilst the Czar was in Germany; but Alexander III. proved obdurate, and the scheme failed. The Prince has paid flying visits to Vienna, Munich, and the Paris Exhibition, where he appeared strictly *incog*. The Russians declare that he will never return; but the Prince's supporters point out that Bulgarian affairs must be thoroughly secure and settled to enable him to leave. Meanwhile the Russian Prince Dolgoroukoff has been at Sofia, trying to stir up the revolutionary element against Prince Ferdinand, till he was promptly ordered out of the country. In SERBIA Queen Natalie triumphs, for, without yielding a single point, she has forced King Milan and the Regents to allow her to see her son. The young King visited his mother on Monday with his tutor, and delivered a set speech, declaring his duty to the law and King Milan, and warning the Queen not to cause unpleasantness. Her Majesty treated his oration as a joke, and told the King he was too young to talk thus. He ought to play with other boys, rather than read newspapers. She bade him, however, honour his father, an injunction which must have seemed somewhat derisive from the Queen's lips. Still she can afford to be magnanimous just now, for she commands the popular enthusiasm, a strong following in the New Skuptschina, and the support of the Radical leader, M. Patchitch, who seems to be the coming Premier. Indeed, the Ministry is already being re-modelled. Melancholy accounts come from CRETE, notwithstanding Chakir Pasha's official assurances to the Porte that peace is being restored. The Turkish soldiery will now endeavour to occupy Sphakia, where the insurgents are prepared to resist vigorously. Although TURKEY turns a deaf ear to the complaints of Cretan atrocities, some advance has been made in the Armenian question. Moussa Bey's trial has disclosed such official corruption, that all the implicated officials in that district have been dismissed. Moussa is found guilty on the five gravest charges out of twenty-eight, but his sentence is deferred.

IN INDIA the Viceroy starts next week on his tour along the North-Western frontier. One of the most important points visited will be the Gomul Pass, north-east of Quetta, which many experts think ought to be as well protected from invasion as the Khyber and the Bolan. Near Quetta a Pathan has killed and wounded respectively a Royal Engineer and a cavalry officer, Messrs. Harris and Rooke. The Maharajah of Mysore has formally assumed the Government on his majority. He is a promising young fellow, and expresses very loyal sentiments to England, the Premier stating on his behalf that he is most eager for Mysore to take a direct part in the Imperial defence by providing suitable military aid. Satisfactory news also comes from another southern district, Ganjam, where the famine and cholera have entirely disappeared.

The notorious Cronin trial in the UNITED STATES has again become interesting. After weeks of vain efforts to obtain sufficient jurymen, it was suddenly discovered that an extensive conspiracy existed for corrupting the talesmen, and inducing those who would accept bribes to vote for the prisoners' acquittal. A special Grand Jury was immediately formed to investigate the plot, and six people are to be tried for corruption. None of the eight jurors chosen are incriminated. Further, some important evidence for the prosecution has been stolen from the State Attorney's office. The delegates of the Pan-American Congress are still enjoying their tour, while the International Maritime Congress opened at Washington on Wednesday. The latter gathering might well discuss the dangerous subject of ocean-racing, considering that the contest between the *City of New York* and the *Teutonic* ended in the former vessel running aground in Gedney's Channel, near Sandy Hook. She was little injured, but could not be floated off for two days. The Americans have been horrified by an attempt on Emerson's grave at Concord, evidently with the view of stealing the writer's skull. Happily the miscreants were disturbed before they could open the coffin. New York was suddenly thrown into darkness on Monday night, as the electric light companies cut off their supply through a dispute with the town authorities. There is the usual dismal catalogue of disasters, including a railway collision at Sterling, California, with the loss of thirty lives, and a tram accident at Cincinnati, where a cable broke and precipitated a car down the slope, telescoping another car below.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The heavy rains recently prevalent on the Continent have caused floods in many districts. The rivers have risen in south-west SWITZERLAND, overflowing the country round Geneva; in GERMANY inundations alarm Upper Alsace; the same disasters affect northern ITALY, particularly round Verona, and extend through the Tyrol to AUSTRIA, traffic being much interrupted.—In HOLLAND the Rotterdam dock-labourers have affiliated themselves to the British Trades Unions in preference to joining their Socialist countrymen.—Another obstacle delays railway construction in CHINA. The Chinese cannot provide enough money themselves, and object to foreign help.—In SOUTH AFRICA British residents in the Transvaal are officially informed from home that they do not lose their rights as British subjects by taking the oath of allegiance to the South African Republic, unless by the local law such taking of the oath constitutes an act of naturalisation. The Transvaal authorities want to regulate emigration to prevent the British element predominating, and are anxious to organise a Dutch University at Pretoria, so that their young men may not come to England for their education.



THE QUEEN remains at Balmoral for another month. Only Prince and Princess Henry with their children, and Princess Frederica, are now staying with Her Majesty, but there have been several visitors daily to lunch and dine with the Royal party. On Saturday morning the Queen and Princess Beatrice met the Duke and Duchess of Fife in the grounds to bid them good-bye on leaving Mar Lodge, and in the afternoon Her Majesty and the Princesses drove to Invercauld to call on Lady Borthwick. In the evening Viscount Cross and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Maude joined the Royal circle at dinner. Next morning the Queen, with the Princesses and Prince Henry, attended Divine Service at Balmoral, where the Rev. Dr. Cameron Lees officiated, and in the evening Dr. Lees and Viscount Cross dined with Her Majesty. On Monday the Queen, with the Princesses and Prince Henry, drove past the

corners, as in the prisons of an older date than this. It is extremely satisfactory to add they are all empty on the occasion of our visit. There have been no outbreaks, no offences calling for severe measures of repression, and business is not brisk in this department. There does not appear any startling difference between these punishment cells and the usual cell in which the convict passes his hours of leisure. There is a less amount of furniture and a less amount of light, which filters through a grating in an upper corner, and here will be given no books to read, and no meat or soup when dinner-time comes round. The dark cells, against which we protested in old times somewhat warmly, we are informed are altogether abolished, and obedience to the rules and regulations is just as general and effective without them. There have been many changes since we first studied prison-life and character, and every change is for the better, and has answered well.

The bakery is also a portion of the prison that is full of interest, and where the prisoners seem scarcely convicts of the usual pattern. They are presumably of the special class of prisoner—and so are put on special service. They go about their allotted tasks with quickness and precision, and the warden, standing on a slightly raised platform, which commands a good view of the whole bake-house, has little to do save keep an eye upon them. There is a baker to the prison, who teaches the new-comers, and generally supervises operations, and the loaves are shapely productions, and vrey well baked. Each loaf is weighed to make sure that the prisoner gets his exact number of ounces—a half-ounce under weight is a serious item to the hard-working, hungry convict, and any loaf that has run light in the baking has an extra bit attached as a make-weight. Diet is not restricted in the infirmary quarters—there the surgeon reigns supreme, in the person of Mr. Tennyson Patmore, son of one poet, and godson of another, a gentleman of keen observation, as well as of high medical skill, and one whom the convict is not likely to impose upon successfully.

"Trying it on" with the medical officer is a common experiment in all prisons male, and female; the temptation to the convict-mind is very great, and the advantages of the infirmary, the superiority of diet, the blissful state of rest, are all worth making an effort to secure.

However, the sham invalid and the malingerer are quickly discovered; the man feigning insanity being the only individual difficult to make sure of, so fine is the border-line between the sane and the insane in the criminal nature, perhaps even in our own, and wise as we may consider ourselves. The prison infirmary consists of four large, lofty, and well-ventilated rooms, each of them capable of accommodating ten sick prisoners. The infirmary we do not find full—there is but a sparse sprinkling of poor humanity herein. Each room is a small hospital ward, and there is no cellular system, of course, attempted—the prisoners are lying in bed, or sitting by the bedside or fireside reading, or trying to read. They hardly seem to us to be thoroughly enjoying their hours of idleness after all, but are, to our nervous apprehension, very much bored with each other's society, and altogether *blasé*. They regard us furtively and inquiringly from various odd corners, but the interest is but momentary—we have not come to do them any good or listen to any complaints, or extend further the special privileges which have been accorded to them, and some are too ill to care much about anything, and the curiosity dies from their lack-lustre eyes long before we have gone the rounds of the infirmary and seen all that is to be seen and listened to one or two painful stories of the "cases."

Though the prison is exposed very much to the elements, and the cold blasts are frequent in the winter time, the health of the prisoners generally is much above the average. But still, death is busy here as elsewhere, and a convict will occasionally collapse very suddenly. The sick prisoners at Wormwood Scrubs, however, we venture to say again, are in good and skillful hands.

The prisoners attend Divine Service frequently and regularly, and the march to church forms quite a study of character. It is a fair rest to many convict-minds, and so appreciated accordingly; but it is a question whether the majority would not prefer work in the open. Some prisoners become very restless or depressed under a sermon that stirs them, and even prayers or hymns may strike home too keenly. It has, we believe, been never considered a good plan to have a preacher too powerful—a stirring sermon, *à la* Spurgeon, for instance, would be a total failure, so far as results were concerned, and lead to the strangest complications. The chaplain is not always at his best in the pulpit, and a man of tact and observation and true religious feeling exercises great influence over men to whom a rousing address would be possibly "too much of a good thing."

It would be up-hill work under any circumstances with these benighted natures—the material is hard to work with, harder to impress permanently. One glance round at the countenances of these men at their devotions, or when in the open at their work, and it is easy to see how hopeless the task must always be, in the majority of cases, to make better men or honest citizens out of such poor humanity as is sampled here. These are verily the children of the night; they have the mark of the beast upon them, distinctly branded in—crime, and nothing but crime from the beginning, and which will last out to the very end, are the lines one reads upon their sin-stamped countenances. One feels that it is well that they are under lock and key, and out of the way of more deserving lives. They are of one type, too, the majority low-browed, sinister-looking beings, whose scowl towards you is full of hate and envy, and whose hands would be at your throat with uncomfortable celerity were it not for the consequences that might follow. A refined face, or even a commonplace "open countenance" comes upon you in their midst like a surprise, and an observer is curious at once as to the man, and the nature of his offence. Here and there a man with spectacles attracts the attention; for Government is considerate of any prisoner who is near-sighted, or defective of vision in any particular way, and does its best to assist him by the aid of glasses. He must be a well-conducted prisoner, however, or spectacles will not be furnished him. A great deal of mischief can be done even with a pair of spectacles.

NOTE.—With reference to a previous article, we are informed that we were mistaken in stating that women who have committed infanticide are distinguished from others by wearing a double star, or in any other way.

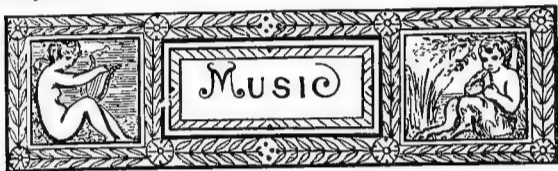
A POSTAL SCHOOL is to be started in Tokio in order that the Japanese Post-office employees may be thoroughly trained in every minute detail of their work before entering the public service.

PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR'S COMING INDIAN TOUR is being most minutely planned out, so that not an hour of the time shall be wasted. The Prince travels from Port Said in the P. and O. steamer *Oceana*, where several state cabins have been converted into a handsome suite of three rooms for his private apartments. He will mess with his suite and the captain in the saloon. On landing at Bombay the Prince will receive a Municipal address of welcome, but, beyond laying the foundation-stone of an Asylum for Pauper Lepers, he will not take part in any public function there, till he returns in March to embark for home. At Hyderabad he will enjoy a panther-hunt, and a visit to the Golconda Fort, besides the ordinary routine of banquet and ball. A public hall and water-works will be constructed at Secunderabad to commemorate the Prince's visit, while he will also open the new waterworks at Delhi. Mysore will give the Prince a grand reception, and Burma is delighted at his coming.

Linn of Dee to the Colonel's Cave in Gleneye, where they had tea. Her Majesty held a Council on Tuesday to further prorogue Parliament, the Lord Chancellor, and Viscount Cross being present, while Mr. Chaplin was sworn in President of the Board of Agriculture.

The Prince and Princess of Wales and family left Fredensborg for Athens on Saturday night. Travelling via Kiel, they slept at Munich on Monday, and arrived on Tuesday night at Venice, to join the *Osborne*. Prince George then assumed his duties as Lieutenant of the Royal Yacht, which is expected at Athens by Monday, and will be escorted from Aegina by the British Mediterranean Squadron. The family party at Fredensborg has now entirely dispersed, for the Czarina left on Tuesday night in the *Dejazag*, calling at Dantzic to embark the Czar for home; while the Danish King and Queen, with the Czarowitz, started on Tuesday for Brindisi, whence they will travel to Athens in the Greek Royal yacht *Amphitrite*, escorted by the Greek Crown Prince. The Prince and Princess of Wales stay a week at Athens, and the Prince will leave immediately after the wedding for Port Said with Prince Albert Victor. He will arrive at Cairo on November 3rd, being greeted by the Khédive.—Princess Louise and the Duke of Fife have gone to Duff House, Banffshire, and received a most enthusiastic welcome home. Banff was gaily decorated, and the Duke and Duchess drove to Duff House through triumphal arches and cheering crowds.

The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh have remained this week with the Grand Duke and Duchess of Mecklenburg-Schwerin at Ludwigslust to welcome the Czar.—Princess Christian and daughters spent Monday at Darmstadt with the Grand Duke of Hesse, returning to Wiesbaden on Tuesday.—Princess Sophie of Prussia took leave of the German Court and her personal friends on Sunday and Monday before starting for Athens. A State dinner was held at the Castle on Monday night, followed by a concert and *defil cour*, where the officers of the British fleet were present in honour of the Princess's English relationship. This was the first time the Empress Frederick had appeared at any official reception since her husband's death. The Princess, with her mother and sisters, reaches Venice to-day (Saturday), and will leave on Monday in the Austrian Lloyd steamer *Empress* for Lutraki, in the Gulf of Corinth, where the Greek Royal Family will greet the bride on Friday. On their wedding day, the Greek Crown Prince and Princess Sophie will ride in the gorgeous State carriage ordered by the Comte de Chambord when he expected to enter Paris in triumph.—The Princess of Montenegro has her tenth child. She was married when under fourteen, and three of her daughters are already married.



LEEDS TRIENNIAL FESTIVAL (from our Special Correspondent).

—We last week gave a general account of the Festival which ended at Leeds on Saturday night. This, the most important of all the provincial Festivals, proved to be quite as successful from a pecuniary point of view as any of its predecessors. From an Art standpoint, the world is the richer by at least two fine choral works, that is to say, Dr. Hubert Parry's *Ode on St. Cecilia's Day*, a notable example of genuine English workmanship, and Professor Stanford's *Voyage of Maelgune*, an elaborated and effective specimen of the narrative style which the composer adopted three years ago for Lord Tennyson's *Revenge*. We have already described both works, and need not now further refer to them.

It was unfortunate that, at the first concert of the Festival on the morning of the 9th inst., the voices of the choir were exhausted by the arduous rehearsals imposed upon them, and that in Berlioz's *Faust* they hardly did themselves justice. Moreover, the soprano music lies rather too low for the voice of Madame Albani. Mr. Lloyd, however, as *Faust*, was at his best, and Mr. Watkin Mills gave a highly dramatic reading of the part of Mephistopheles. In the evening was produced Mr. Frederic Corder's *Sword of Argantyr*, a work of a somewhat unequal character, but nevertheless showing remarkable ability. The opening "Reindeer" chorus of women, typical of their Northern home, and the chorus of Norwegian emigrants on the point of mutiny, the six-part surging chorus, in which the revolt actually takes place, the baritone legend of the miraculous sword, the pastoral intermezzo which divides the two portions of the story, the pretty song of the shepherd on the Island of Samsoe, and the love-duet are among the best specimens of his remarkable musical talent which Mr. Corder has yet given us. On the other hand, the declamatory solos of the heroine in the first part, the wholly superfluous scene in which the ocean Sirens figure, and the song curiously enough given to the ghost of King Argantyr, who also in the most extraordinary fashion joins his daughter and her sweetheart in a vocal trio, are far less interesting. It should, however, in bare justice be mentioned that Mr. Corder hardly had a fair opportunity of rehearsal late on the previous Monday night in the absence of his *prima donna*, and also that Madame Valleria and Mr. Piercy, the leading soprano and tenor, were at the performance both suffering from severe colds.

On the 10th, the programme of the classics, including Bach's cantata, *God's Time is the Best Time*; Schubert's last and greatest Mass—that in E flat; and Handel's ever welcome *Acis and Galatea*, formed an agreeable variation from the flow of novelties. These, and particularly the Bach cantata, were among the finest choral performances of the Festival. Here, too, Miss McIntyre, who has recently gained success at the opera, made her *début* as a Festival vocalist, and gave promise, when certain vocal defects are remedied, of taking her place among our leading concert sopranos.

On the evening of the 10th inst. was produced Dr. Mackenzie's *Pibroch* for violin solo. A "pibroch" proper is, of course, a composition for that delectable instrument the Scottish bagpipe, and it usually is a more or less impromptu affair. One of the most ancient "pibrochs" now extant is attributed to the piper of Macdonald of Glengarry, who, after the manner of pipers, is said to have rapidly employed himself in its composition and performance during the burning of a church with its whole congregation. It is essential that a "pibroch" should contain an air with at least three or four variations. Dr. Mackenzie has started his violin piece in question with a movement entitled "Rhapsody," more or less of a fragmentary character, and intended, it is said, to imitate the tuning of a violin. The variations, nine in number, are included in a movement called "Caprice," which is based upon the old Scottish tune entitled "Three Guid Fellows." The last movement is a dance. The work is more difficult than effective, although it was splendidly played by Señor Sarasate. At the same concert was produced Dr. Cresser's *Sacrifice of Freia*. The libretto, by the late Dr. Hueffer, was intended as only a single scene in a far larger work. Dr. Cresser's interesting setting contains some effective music, particularly the choruses of worshippers advancing from the forest, the choruses of maidens and warriors, and the final chorus. His restlessness of tonality, and his frequent changes of measure, are, however, hardly necessary.

Concerning the rest of the programmes a rapid glance will suffice. The performance (especially as to the choral *finale*) of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony was superb. Señor Sarasate also

played Mendelssohn's violin concerto more in accordance with the traditions than usual, wisely taking the last movement at a far less rapid pace than before. On Friday evening Wilbye's sixteenth-century madrigal, "Sweet Honey-Sucking Bees," and Mendelssohn's *Midsummer Night's Dream* music received a worthy interpretation from the Leeds Choir. Unfortunately this excellence was not continued on the next morning, when Brahms' *German Requiem* was accorded a more or less perfunctory rendering. Mendelssohn's *Hymn of Praise* went far better; and the *Golden Legend*, which concluded the Festival on Saturday evening, went best of all. Here Madame Albani and Mr. Watkin Mills especially distinguished themselves. Saturday night's programme also included a well-selected concert version of the *Macbeth* music written by Sir Arthur Sullivan for the Lyceum performance. At the close of the Festival Sir Arthur himself received a most enthusiastic and well-deserved ovation.

OTTO HEGNER.—Little Otto Hegner gave his last recital at St. James's Hall on Saturday. His programme included two of Bach's Fugues, most accurately rendered; four Chopin pieces; Liszt's transcription of Schubert's *Soirée de Vienne*; Beethoven's Sonata in D, No. 3 of the set Op. 10, dedicated to the Countess Browne; besides an *encore* piece by Scarlatti, and Chopin's "Berceuse." The little prodigy has largely increased his celebrity in England by his recent performances, the improvement shown since his last visit here being most remarkable. He sailed on Sunday for a six months' tour in the United States, where he will play no oftener than five times a fortnight, and will, we are informed, receive a minimum fee of 100*l.* per concert, perhaps the largest income a child of twelve has ever earned.

NOTES AND NEWS.—The Promenade Concerts at Her Majesty's will close after next week, and those at Covent Garden on the 2nd prox.—The Monday Popular Concerts will commence on the 28th. The opening programme includes Brahms' string quartet, Op. 80, to be led by Lady Hallé.—The Crystal Palace Saturday Concerts will commence on the 19th with a familiar programme, including M. Saint-Saëns' Second Concerto, to be played by Madame Roger-Miclos.—The Royal Choral Society will commence their concerts on the 30th with Berlioz's *Faust*, in which Madame Albani will make her last appearance in London previous to her tour in America.—Madame Patti will sing at the Albert Hall next Monday.—Señor Sarasate will give his first Chamber Concert on the 19th, his programme including Schubert's "Fantasia," Op. 159, Dvorák's "Slavonic Dances," and Saint-Saëns' Duet Sonata, Op. 75.—The remains of the late Carl Rosa were on Tuesday removed from their temporary resting-place in the Catacombs, to the Mausoleum specially built for the deceased manager's grave at Highgate Cemetery.—Madame Scatchi will play the part of Orfeo in Gluck's famous opera at Covent Garden next season.—Madame Erard, head of the celebrated firm of Parisian pianoforte manufacturers, and herself a generous friend of many pianists, died on Sunday at an advanced age.



MISS WALLIS revives Mr. Wills's *Ninon* at the GRAND Theatre, Islington, on Monday, playing her original part. This, like *The Dead Heart*, is a story of the French Revolution and the Reign of Terror; but Mr. Wills, after his custom, has taken some liberties with history. Instead of dying in the prison called the Temple in childhood, the Dauphin is, in the play, rescued by some fire-eating nobles, who carry him off in triumph to England.

Mr. Irving's latest venture has given rise to some curious historic doubts. Most people are under the impression that the Bastille, under the governorship of "rigorous De Launay," as Carlyle calls him, was a place of groans and tortures; and Mr. Irving's appearance, when, in the character of Robert Landry, he is brought out into the light of day, certainly suggests that it was not exactly a comfortable abode. But it appears that the Bastille was, in its later days, a tolerably comfortable prison, as prisons go. Linguet, the journalist, who was imprisoned there only a short time before its downfall, did not like it—which was natural enough—but he admits that "the table" was good and abundant. Marmontel, if we remember rightly, tells us that his dinners, during his incarceration, consisted of soup, fish, fowl, and other delicacies.

It is a curious coincidence, that since the LYCEUM revival was produced the grandson or great-grandson of the unfortunate governor has died in Manchester. The De Launay family fled from France, as well they might, after the horrible murder of the Marquis, and established themselves in Manchester, where they appear to have prospered.

The air is still full of rumours of new theatres in London and the suburbs. It seems that the site of old Waterloo House, in Cockspur Street, only escaped this destination by the fact that the Crown, in whom the freehold is vested, forbids the erection of a theatre. A vast hotel will, therefore, rise on this spot. Meanwhile, besides the theatres already known to be erecting, a playhouse is to be built for Mr. Arthur Roberts, near to Shaftesbury Avenue. Another is planned in Kensington, a fact which has revived the recollection of the "Royal Kent" Theatre, which stood, some half century and more ago, in what Leigh Hunt has called the "old Court suburb."

Under the title of *The Weekly Comedy*, Messrs. J. T. Grein and C. W. Jarvis have started a new weekly paper devoted to the drama and music. The first number is sprightly and amusing.

Sweet Lavender, at TERRY'S Theatre, is approaching its six hundredth performance.

M. Claretie, of the COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE, contemplates a performance of M. Jean Aicard's French version of *Othello*. The translation will be gorgeously mounted.

The edition of the late Mr. Robertson's pieces which Messrs. Sampson Low and Co. and Mr. Samuel French are preparing to publish will be in two volumes. The greater part has hitherto been withheld from the press.

Mr. J. A. Stevens, an American manager, is stated to have endeavoured "to improve upon Shakespeare" by producing at the PEOPLE'S Theatre, New York, "a topsy-turvy *Othello*, with Iago as a negro."

Good reports reach us from America of the English companies in New York. Mr. and Mrs. Kendal appear to have won great favour in *A Scrap of Paper*, and Mr. Terriss and Miss Millward are no less fortunate in *Roger la Honte*. The last-named gentleman, by the way, follows Mr. Beerbohm Tree's example, and "doubles," as the players say, the parts of Roger and his sinister "Shadow."

The testimonial benefit to Mr. John Maddison Morton, author of *Box and Cox*, at the HAYMARKET, has reminded the friends of this veteran dramatist that his first piece was brought out nearly fifty-five years ago. It was a *comédietta* called *The Invincibles*, in which Wrench and the fascinating Mrs. Nisbett appeared at the Queen's Theatre, afterwards the Prince of Wales's, in Tottenham Street.

Mr. Pinero has undertaken to deliver a lecture at the Lambeth Polytechnic on the subject of "The Profligate and the Ethics of the Stage."

Playwriting in France appears to be a lucrative business, at least for those who are successful. The sum divided by the French Dramatic Authors' Society, under the head of "Authors' Rights," for last year alone amounted, according to official figures, to 120,000*l.*

Tuesday next is the date chosen for the reopening of the GLOBE Theatre, under the management of Miss Loie Fuller, an American actress. She will produce here an American piece, entitled *Caprice*, which has been, we are informed, in great part rewritten for the occasion.

Following the example of the CRITERION, Mr. Augustus Harris has determined to provide the stalls at DRURY LANE with an automatic supply of opera glasses for hire. On dropping in a sixpence out comes an opera glass. A writer in the *Observer*, who appears to have but a poor opinion of his fellow-creatures, predicts that the opera glasses will be pocketed; but this, we believe, does not accord with the experience of the Criterion management.

The latest graft upon the humours of *Ruy Blas*, at the GAIETY, is the appearance of Mr. Leslie as Samson the strong man, with muscles of astounding development.

Mr. Robert Buchanan has undertaken to write for the *Contemporary Review* an article on "The Drama as Literature," embracing comments on modern plays, modern actors, and dramatic criticism.

Richard Voss, the distinguished German dramatist, whose drama, *Eva*, was for some time under the consideration of Mrs. Bernard Beere, with a view to production in this country, has been afflicted by a very serious nervous disease, which has compelled him to seek refuge in an Austrian asylum.

A new children's operetta, *The Snow Queen*, by Miss Mary Carmichael (the words adapted from Andersen's story, "Kay and Gerda," by Miss May Gillington), was produced with much success last week at Brighton.



THE MEMORIAL TO KING WILLIAM III., at Brixham, will be unveiled on November 5th—the 201st anniversary of his landing in England. It consists of a marble statue, with emblematic devices at the base, and has been erected close to the spot where William first touched British soil.

THE ANNUAL CHRYSANTHEMUM SHOW IN THE TEMPLE GARDENS opened on Tuesday. The display is remarkably good this year, the flowers being handsome and well-grown. The white blossoms hardly show to such advantage as usual, but the tawny Japanese are very beautiful, together with many of the close-quilled yellow and the russet-brown plants.

THE ELECTORAL PLACARDS which lately disfigured Paris and the provinces were useful even when their original mission was fulfilled. After the final returns in Paris the *chiffonniers* spent the whole night tearing down the bills, and made a handsome profit by selling them to factories. The bills were then converted into a strong kind of pasteboard, from which ingenious manufacturers produced penny dolls, wads for guns, and millions of boot-buttons.

THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, REGENT'S PARK, now contain numerous specimens of those curious tropical birds, the Touracos—also called Hoazin and Plantain-Eaters. The plumage of these birds is a vivid emerald-green and deep crimson, and the latter colour washes entirely out by the feathers being dipped into water. Some Touracos while bathing become almost white; and, if they fall into a stream when shot, the water is immediately reddened by this curious pigment from the wing-feathers. No other case is known of a natural pigment in feathers being soluble in water.

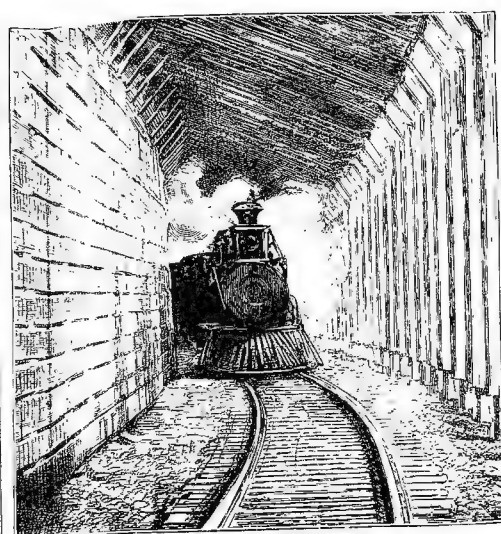
THE AMEER OF AFGHANISTAN seems to be a fine manly character in many respects, notwithstanding his despotism and cruelty. A European, who recently spent eighteen months in Afghanistan, describes Abdurrahman's simple mode of life, which displays no Oriental luxury. The Ameer sleeps in a plain tent, eats but one substantial meal daily, with fruit as his only other refreshment, and rarely smokes more than two cigarettes in the day. He is passionately fond of field-sports, and is a first-rate shot. Indeed, his rifle rarely leaves his side, and often when he is holding his durbar in the open air he will take up his gun and shoot at any bird or beast which comes within range.

ARTIFICIAL COFFEE is manufactured on an extensive scale in Germany. It is made from linseed meal, roasted to a dark colour, and mixed with some glutinous substance before being passed through machines, which turn out the compound in the shape of the real coffee-bean. When the false bean is well mixed with the genuine product, only an expert can detect the difference.

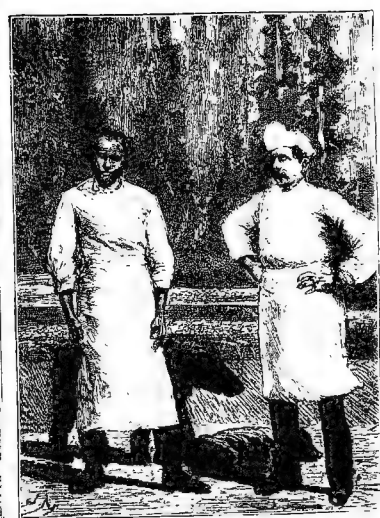
THE CAMBERWELL FINE-ART GALLERY was opened last Sunday for the first time with an interesting collection of paintings lent by the Baroness Burdett-Coutts. Works by the Old Masters and by living artists, such as Sir F. Leighton, Messrs. G. F. Watts, Burne-Jones, and W. Crane, are included in the collection.

THE ARMIES AND NAVIES OF THE WORLD are all busy trying new armaments, as if anxious to out-do each other in possessing the most murderous weapon. The Americans are delighted with their new dynamite cruiser *Vesuvius*, which can discharge, with the Zalinski pneumatic gun, fifteen shells of 200 lbs. a-piece in a little over sixteen minutes. These shells travel beyond the mile, and if the *Vesuvius* fires a broadside she can discharge 1,500 lbs. of dynamite within a minute. Sweden provides a new explosive, "grey powder," or "Swedish skrut," which is quite as effective and less objectionable than the much-discussed smokeless powder. The inventor claims that this "grey powder" greatly increases the velocity, while, when used in the Nordenfeldt gun, it only leaves a transparent steam for five minutes after the discharge. It is to be officially tried in the Swedish fleet. Austria has only just adopted a new rifle, and now the field-artillery have been armed with a fresh kind of sabre, and their guns replaced by revolvers. The Belgian troops will be supplied with the new Mauser magazine rifle, while French cavalry are trying a lance for the first time.

LONDON MORTALITY declined again last week. The deaths numbered 1,321, against 1,381 during the previous seven days, being a decrease of 60, and 215 below the average. The death-rate also fell to 15.8 per 1,000, and during the last quarter has averaged 2.5 below the rate of the past ten years. Although the scarlet-fever epidemic continues high, there being 1,542 patients in the London hospitals on Saturday, the fatalities are diminishing, and last week reached 15—a decline of 5, and 30 below the average. Diphtheria is more fatal, and although the deaths last week declined to 35 from 45, they were 14 above the average. There were 28 fatal cases of diarrhoea and dysentery (a decrease of 24), 19 from enteric fever (a fall of 3), 14 from whooping-cough (the same as last week), 13 from measles (a rise of 4), and 1 from typhus. Deaths from diseases of the respiratory organs increased to 264—an advance of 39, but 28 below the usual return. Not a single casualty from small-pox occurred in any of the twenty-eight largest towns of England and Wales. There were 2,595 births registered, being a rise of 151, but 140 below the average.



A SNOW-LED IN THE TUNNEL



FRANZ AND JAMES IN THE SNOW



THE GREAT ROCK



THE COTTAGE



CLIMBING THE ROCK



THE GREAT ROCK



THE GREAT ROCK



CLIMBING THE ROCK

WITH ICE-AXE AND CAMERA IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS

A GLANCE at a map of the Canadian Pacific Railway will show that the line, after traversing about 1,000 miles of prairie west of Winnipeg, enters a region of rugged mountain ranges. The first of these is that of the Rocky Mountains proper. Having crossed this range at Hector Pass, the line descends by steep gradients to the Columbia, and then by the Valley of Beaver Creek ascends the Selkirk range, which, being crossed at Rogers' Pass, the line once more plunges down to the Columbia, and, crossing it for the second time, ascends the Gold range, and finally, penetrating the Cascade range by the Valley of the Fraser, reaches the Pacific.

All these mountain ranges are snow-capped, and the upper valleys are filled by glaciers, from which fierce torrents rush, encumbered, for the most part, by fallen pine-trees. The slopes of the mountains are clad in dense forests of pines and cedars, those in the Selkirk being especially luxuriant. The Selkirk range is, geologically speaking, the innermost range, and forms a portion of the backbone of the continent. Till the railway was constructed the region was practically a *terra incognita*, but since then travellers have been wont to speak in glowing terms of the magnificent Alpine scenery of the Selkirks, glimpses only of which can be obtained from the railway.

A paper recently read before the Royal Geographical Society, and illustrated by lantern slides, by the Rev. W. Spotswood Green, describes his explorations in these Alpine regions, and his map sets forth the structure of the district, with details not previously attempted. He was accompanied by one friend, the Rev. H. Swanzy, who had traversed the Selkirks before the railway was constructed, and the illustrations we now publish are from sketches by Mr. Green and photographs by Mr. Swanzy.

A picturesque little inn, called "Glacier House," built by the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, near Rogers' Pass, was the head quarters of the expedition while exploring the Selkirks. View No. 1 is from the summit of the great glacier field forming the source of the Illecillewaet river. The peak in the middle of the picture has been named by Mr. Green Mount Macoun, after the well-known Canadian botanist. The Rocky Mountains form the horizon-line.

No. 2.—While leading a pack-horse through this snow-shed, the party were overtaken by the train, and had much difficulty in saving the horse from being run over. The passage of the Rockies is accomplished without the need of snow-sheds, but for many miles in the Selkirks the line has to be thus protected from the huge snow-slides which take place in spring. The devastation caused by one of these avalanches is well illustrated by Mr. Swanzy's photograph (No. 4).

No. 3 is the French cook and his kitchen-maid (who, by the way, is a Chinaman) at Glacier House. A young tame bear also comes into the photograph.

Immediately above Glacier House, a fine peak, Mount Sir Donald, towers skyward to over 10,000 feet. The side facing the railway presents one huge, smooth precipice. The peak dominating the region surveyed by Mr. Green, and called by him Mount Bonney (10,622 feet), rises from a great bed of glacier. To approach it it was necessary to carry a camp through almost impenetrable forest to the foot of these glaciers. After one long day from this camp, spent in exploring a route, followed by a day's rest, the ascent commenced at 3.30 A.M. In twelve hours the summit was reached, but ere the camp could be regained dark night overtook the two travellers, and stumbling over fallen timber in pitchy darkness was an experience not to be envied.

No. 5 is a view of the summit of Mount Bonney.

No. 6, a large tooth in the *arête*, which constituted the chief difficulty of the ascent. The snow was soft and powdery. The rock beneath, rotten shale.

An attempt to avoid this difficulty in descending resulted in starting an avalanche (No. 7), and no possible route remained but that adopted for the ascent. In No. 6, the travellers having lowered their ice-axes and fixed the rope to a rock, are depicted descending by its aid.

No. 8.—Some of the valleys, now entered for the first time by man, were found to be the home of the wild Rocky Mountain goat, so wild that they knew no fear, and one even entered the camp "to have a look round."

No. 9.—Mr. Swanzy in pursuit of a wild goat. The animal is just visible as a speck on the upper snow.

No. 10.—The Lower Columbia Lake; the extreme present limit of navigation. The Selkirks beyond, rising above terraces of silt, and foot-hills covered with dense forest.

No. 11.—We have now left the Selkirk range. This view represents Mount Lefroy (11,658 feet), the highest *measured* peak of the Rockies in British territory, and the charming Lake Louise at its foot. The lake is easily reached from Laggan on the Canadian Pacific Railway, and forms as perfect a gem of Alpine scenery as it is possible to imagine.

Another view on Lake Louise closes our series. The scenery in these ranges may very well be compared to the Austrian Tyrol. The pine forests are unrivalled in their grandeur. The climate in summer is superb, but the very multitude of peaks, all about the same height, bewilders the mountaineer. The difficulties involved in trying to get through the forest must be seen to be realised; but the true lover of Nature will find ample compensation for the hardships which must be faced in renewed strength of body and mind in the clear exhilarating air of the North-West.

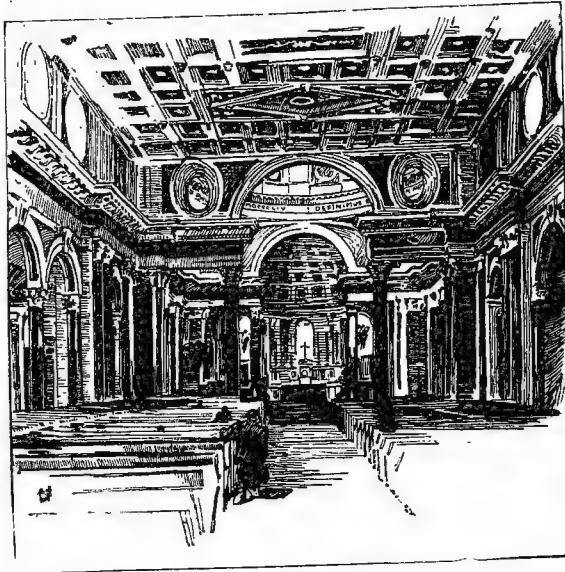
STOUT OFFICERS are unknown in the United States' Army. No man weighing over 160 lbs. can join a cavalry regiment, while officers in the general service are liable to be retired for obesity.

THE ANTWERP DISASTER has induced the French authorities to issue stringent regulations respecting the storage of explosives. For the future large quantities of powder and cartridges are not to be kept in any port for the purpose of fitting out vessels or army columns, but must be stored in isolated places.

THE DOGES' PALACE AT VENICE, which has been undergoing restoration for the last twenty years, will be completed by November, and freed from all disfiguring timbers and scaffolding. The first palace, built in the eighth century, rested on fairly secure foundations, but when a larger and more elaborate edifice was erected on the same site, six hundred years later, the builders omitted to strengthen the foundations in proportion to the increased size and weight of the superstructure. Accordingly, the ground eventually gave way, the Palace fell out of the perpendicular, the iron bracings and supports, put in carelessly, damaged the walls and columns, and a fire in the sixteenth century increased the dilapidation. The beautiful Palace gradually became more weakened and dangerous, until the Italian Government set a commission of architects to thoroughly restore the damage. The work has been excellently done in every respect; the building being effectually strengthened, while the ancient characteristics have been most artistically preserved. Where the capitals and columns were past mending, they were so minutely copied that even the weather-stains are reproduced, and it is almost impossible to tell the new from the old at the first glance. Thus the Palace revives its old glories, and visitors to Venice will henceforward see the home of the Doges as in the days when Venice was at the height of her prosperity as Queen of the Adriatic.

BURNING OF THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL AT HARBOUR GRACE, NEWFOUNDLAND

HARBOUR GRACE, which is situated on the east coast of Newfoundland, is, as a town, second in importance only to St. John's, the capital of the island. Of late years, however, its seal and codfisheries have declined, and the place, especially when the male inhabitants were away at the fishing, had a somewhat deserted appearance. To the stranger the chief point of interest was the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception—a magnificent structure, which stood at the east end of the town, looking over the sea. It owed its existence to the labours of three successive incumbents—the Rev. John Dalton, who died in 1869; Bishop Carafaginni, who succeeded him in the following year, and to whom the architecture of the Cathedral was entirely due; and to Bishop Macdonald, who in 1881 succeeded Bishop Carafaginni when the latter was translated to the See of Gallipoli. All these pastors worked with a

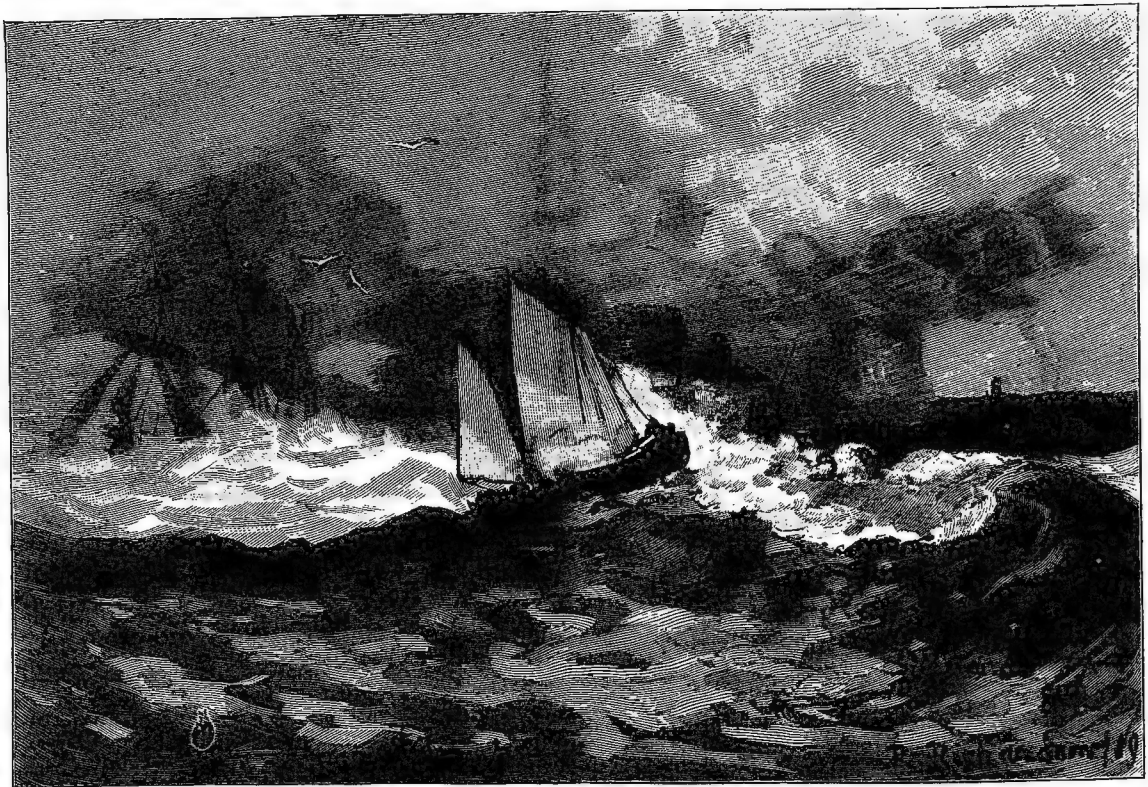


will, and the inhabitants, both rich and poor, seconded their efforts, so that every member of the congregation could feel that some part of the material of the building was due to his own free gift. Unfortunately, on September 2nd last the church took fire. At first a few buckets of water would have quenched the flames, but before assistance could arrive the whole church was destroyed. Already, however, subscriptions are coming in, and Bishop Macdonald hopes before long to rebuild a structure little inferior to that which now lies in ruins.—Our engraving is from a photograph by A. and E. Parsons, Water Street, Harbour Grace, sent to us by Mr. Thomas Hanrahan.

LIFEBOAT RESCUE AT LOWESTOFT

ON the night of Sunday, October 6th, a heavy gale sprang up from the south-west at Lowestoft, accompanied with blinding showers of rain, producing a heavy sea. About 5.30 A.M. the schooner *Lymington*, 162 tons, of Harwich, Mr. J. H. Vaux, coal laden, from Sunderland to Southampton, James Lennard, master, struck on the middle of the Holm Sand, having missed stays in beating up the Roads. The crew of six men at once took to the rigging, the sea making complete breaches over the ill-fated vessel. The swell was tremendous, the gale apparently increasing every moment.

With the utmost possible despatch the lifeboat *Two Sisters*, under



the coxswain, William Capps, put off to the rescue of the crew, and happily succeeded in accomplishing their noble work; landing the poor fellows at the harbour in tow of the Harbour tug *Despatch*, about 7.45 A.M. The crew of the *Lymington* were taken to the Sailors' Home in a somewhat exhausted state, and every attention was paid them. They afterwards left for home by the 11.2 train.—Our engraving is from a sketch by Mr. R. Richardson, Cliffe Hill, Gorleston, Great Yarmouth.

A CURIOUS EXHIBITION OF TEXAN PRODUCTS is now open at Fort Worth, Texas. The building itself is constructed solely of materials indigenous to the State, and displays an odd variety of architectural styles, having Moorish windows, mansard domes, Chinese pagoda towers, a Roman porch, and other towers with Norman-Gothic battlements. The chief dome is covered entirely with wheat, and the towers are made respectively of corn, cotton, wheat, and sea-coast shells.

RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

A VALUABLE addition to "The Canterbury Poets" (Walter Scott), edited by Mr. William Sharp, is "Selections from the Greek Anthology," edited by Mrs. Graham R. Tomson. It contains translations by Dr. Richard Garnett, Mr. Andrew Lang, Miss Alma Strettall, Mr. Goldwin Smith, Mr. W. M. Hardinge, and others. The editor's object has been to gather together some of the more adequately rendered epigrams, but certain very admirable ones appear to have been omitted. As she tells us, by the word "Anthology" is vaguely understood the collection bequeathed to us by antiquity of epitomised lyrics, idylls, odes, elegies, epitaphs, that by antiquity the somewhat comprehensive title of epigrams. The poems being principally invested with the wings and the minute proportions, but not the sting of the bee; and yet, when they really wished to be acrimonious, their irony was of the harshest and least subtle kind. It is impossible to do justice to all that merits citation here. We will content ourselves with quoting Mr. Andrew Lang's version of Meleager's "Clearista":—

For Death, not Love, hast thou
Loosened thy zone!
Flutes filled thy bower, but now
Morning brings moan!
Maids round thy bridal bed
Hushed are in gloom,
Torches to love that led
Light to the tomb.

Mr. James Cameron Grant, who is widely and favourably known for "His Songs from the Sunny South" and so on, gives us "New Verse in Old Vesture" (E. W. Allen), with an introductory preface by Mr. Gleeson White. Several of the forms published in this volume appear, according to Mr. Grant, for the first time in English. To show variety of metrical shape he has included specimens of verse of whose fleeting value he admits his consciousness. Apart from the mere external curiosity of much in this book of verse it is sufficiently manifest that the admiration and eulogy Mr. Grant has won in the past for his gift of refined and musical expression will not fail him now. As an example of "Rondelets" we take two central verses from a short poem so headed:—

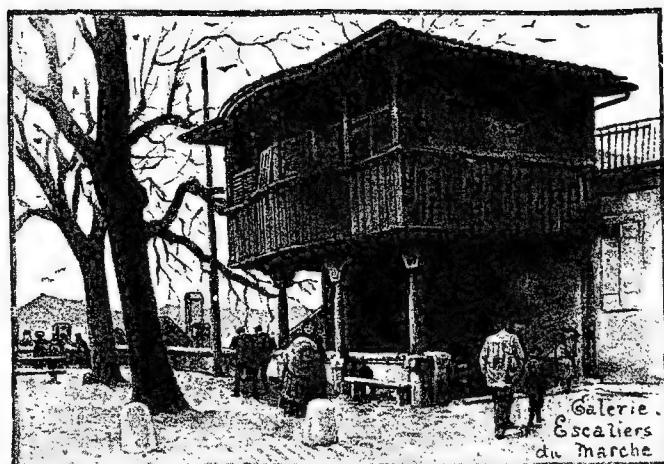
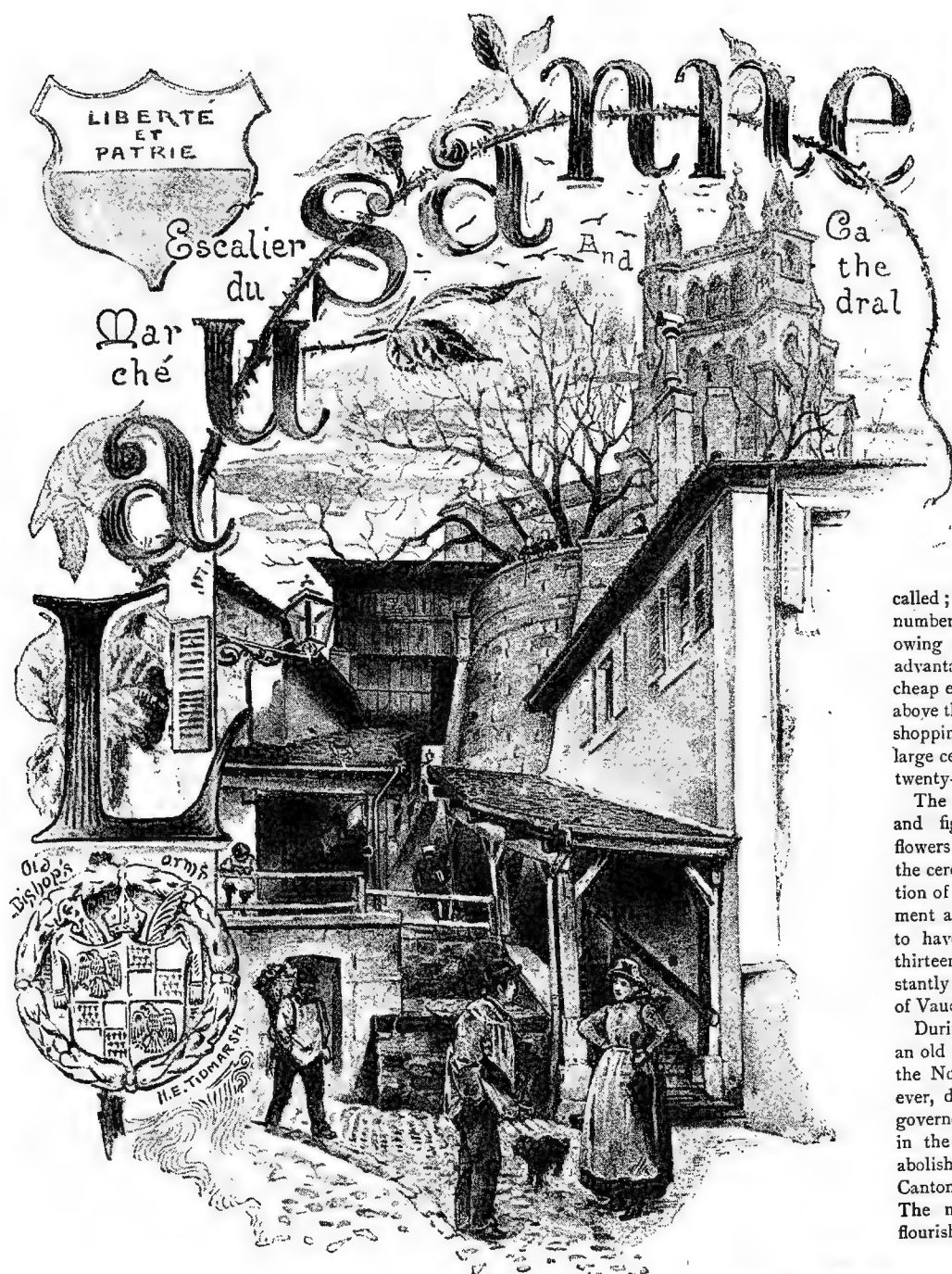
You are true,
Never e'en in thou, hast transgressing.
You are true.
Thankfully I trust in you,
Happy in this truth's possessing.
'Tis for me the true blessing—
You are true!

You, who love
Are the answer sent of heaven;
You who love
Are the solace from above;
Envy of the angels even;
Last and best of all things given,
You who love.

WRESTLING ON HORSEBACK is the latest American sport. The wrestlers wear the ordinary athlete's costume, and ride a bare-backed horse with a snaffle bit. Only five minutes are allowed for each contest, and unhorsing a wrestler constitutes a fall.

"WHITE DINNERS" have been introduced at fashionable Transatlantic watering-places, as coloured table-decorations have been somewhat overdone. The china is the purest white Royal Derby, while silver and cut crystal candelabra, vases, and dishes hold respectively white candles with silver shades, snowy lilies and silvery white *bon-bons*, tied with white *moiré* ribbon, which also fastens the dinner-napkins. The button-hole bouquets for ladies and gentlemen are white orchids, and white violets float in the finger-bowls. White soups and meats preserve the unity of colour, the dark viands being concealed in white sauces, and the white grapes and pale fruit are tied with ribbon of the same hue.

SLEEPING UP A TREE is generally the resort of benighted travellers in forests infested with wild beasts, yet in Washington, U.S.A., a clerk in the Pension Office has constructed a charming home among the branches of a group of oaks, thirty feet from the ground. When very ill one year he tried the experiment of sleeping in a tree to obtain pure air during the summer heats, and he became so much better that he has kept to his plan ever since, building a regular abode. His present "Airy Castle" spreads through the branches of three sturdy oaks, and is further supported by a few slender wooden props. The house is two stories high, having a small kitchen and dining-room on the lower floor, and a reception-saloon and state dining-room above, the latter resembling a conservatory from its large windows. On the roof is the owner's bedroom, a delightful little den fitted up with many curios and souvenirs. The "tree man" entertains visitors in his abode, and is delighted to tell tales of the Civil War, where he lost an arm. "Airy Castle" is situated in an enclosure guarded by some fine dogs.



LAUSANNE is the capital of the Canton of Vaud, the third in population of the Swiss Confederation. It is situated on the north bank of the Lake of Geneva, or Lac Lemman as it is there called; it has a population of 30,000, and of all the Swiss towns claims the largest number of visitors, who not only pass through, but reside there. This is partly owing to its healthy, beautiful, and central situation, but perhaps even more to the advantages it offers to people with limited incomes and large families for good and cheap education and moderate living. Lying 500 feet above the lake and 1,700 feet above the sea, it is naturally healthy; and while enjoying many facilities for education, shopping, and sight-seeing, it yet affords fewer of the temptations which are found in large centres of population. From London it is something over 500 miles, and it takes twenty-four hours to get there.

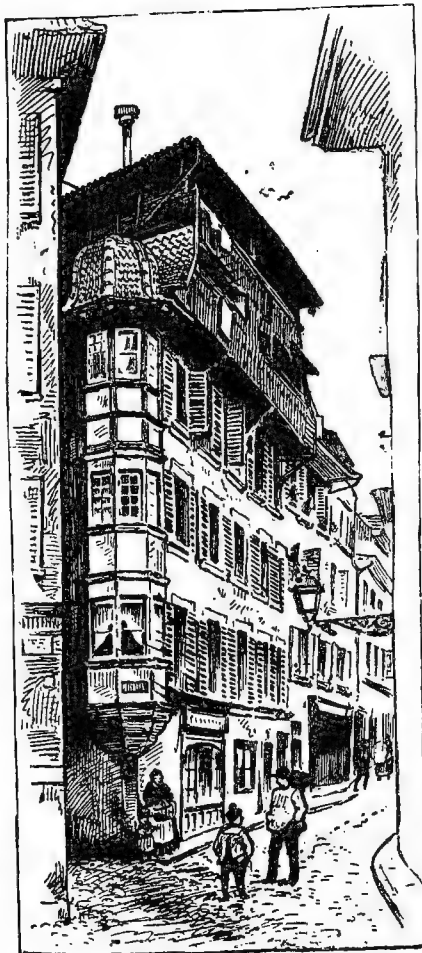
The vegetation in the neighbourhood is abundant. The grape is largely grown, and figs, even oranges and lemons, grow in sheltered places, the magnolia flowers in the open air, while only two hours' journey inland will take one through the cereals and oaks up to the regions of pines and scrub. Fable carries the foundation of the city into remote ages, and under the Romans there was certainly a settlement at Lausonium. Many years afterwards a poor wounded woodcutter is said to have built the first Christian church there to the Virgin for curing him. In the thirteenth century the principal part of the Cathedral was erected, though since constantly added to and restored, and the Bishops of Lausanne, with the title of Counts of Vaud, during the Middle Ages governed the town and district.

During these times the town was surrounded by a wall and towers, as may be seen on an old print. Of these however, about all that remains now is the Tour St. Laurent and the North Castle Gate, the Tour St. Maire shown in our illustrations. These, however, did not save Lausanne from being captured by the Bernese in 1536, who governed the city by a bailiff. In the same year a famous Disputation took place in the Cathedral between Calvin, Farel, and Viret, with the result that Vaud abolished the Mass and separated from the Romish Church, remaining since a Protestant Canton, though by the act its Cathedral lost all its pictures, statues, and ornaments. The new masters wrought much good in the place, and several institutions still flourishing were founded then.

In 1588 an attempt was made to gain freedom from the Bernese, and in 1723 a more melancholy effort was made by Major Davel and a few troops; but he was at once taken, and executed in less than a month. Whatever the natives of the place thought on the subject of their freedom, the refuge of the town was greatly valued by those elsewhere oppressed, and Protestants from France, Savoy, and Germany, the judges of King Charles I. of England, and other fugitives, sought and found an asylum there, until in the



eighteenth century a really brilliant circle was established there, and Lausanne was at its height of fame and fashion. Jean-Jacques Rousseau was there, and made the neighbourhood famous in his writings. Then came Voltaire, who was attracted by



OLD BERNSE. HOUSE

the charms of its society no less than by the surrounding scenery; and with him we read of the young Gibbon, whose father had sent him there to be cured of his recent conversion to Romanism by a residence under the roof and care of a Protestant pastor, whose wife, however, nearly starved him. During his five years' residence in Lausanne he not only nearly forgot his mother tongue, and acquired such a love for the town as to wish to end his days there, but he met and fell deeply in love with the beautiful Mademoiselle Curchod. His father, on his return to England, would not hear of the match, and so the young man was obliged sadly to break it off. Thirty years after—in 1783—having now become famous, he again settled at Lausanne, or, as he put it, celebrated his marriage with Fanny Lausanne, to leave it but once for a short time before going home, ten years afterwards, to die. There, on concluding his great work "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," he writes:—"This day, or rather this night, happened the 27th June, 1787; it was between eleven o'clock and midnight that

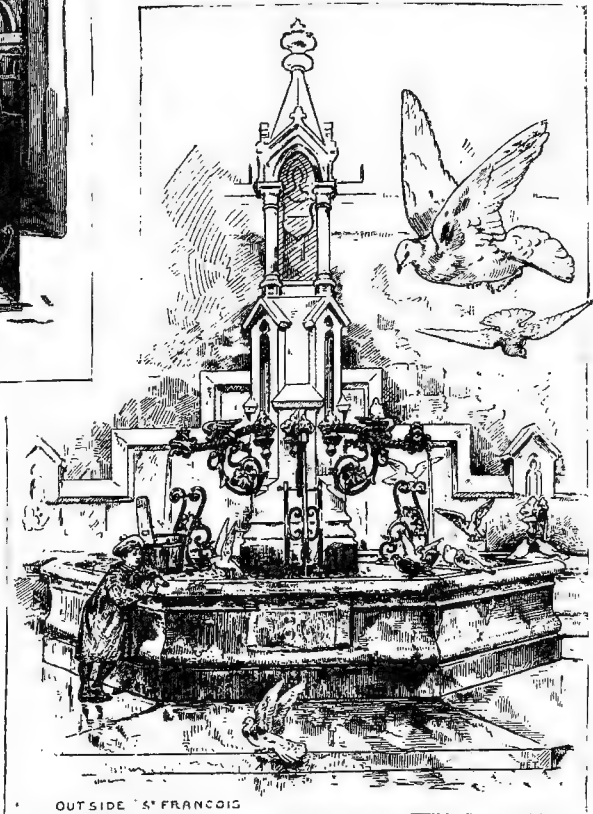
Monument
in the
Cathedral

from this particular garden (see illustration) by high modern houses.

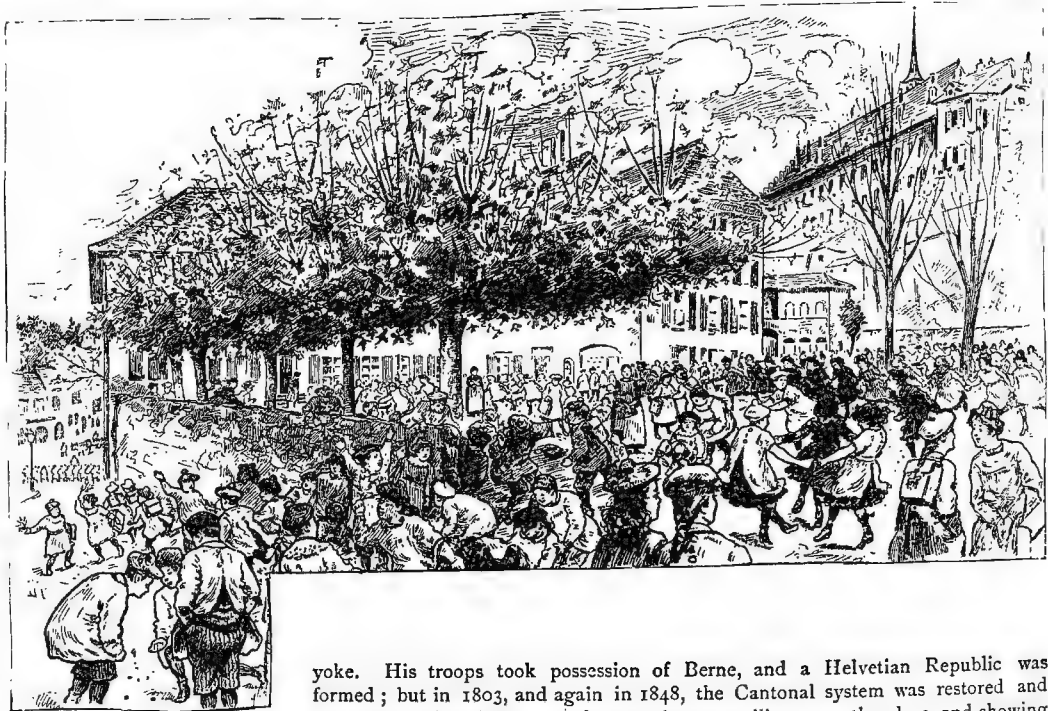
There again he met his youthful love, now the wife of the celebrated exiled Necker, and so sought was his company that a whole crowd of princes, barons, and celebrities would often be assembled on his terrace at one of his receptions.

In 1798 Napoleon encouraged the inhabitants to shake off the Bernese

sky was serene, the silver orb of the moon was reflected from the waters, and all Nature was silent." The same moon still shines across the placid lake, and the vapours round the mountains are sparkling with the glory of the sun; but the covered walk is gone, the summer-house demolished, and much of the prospect blocked out



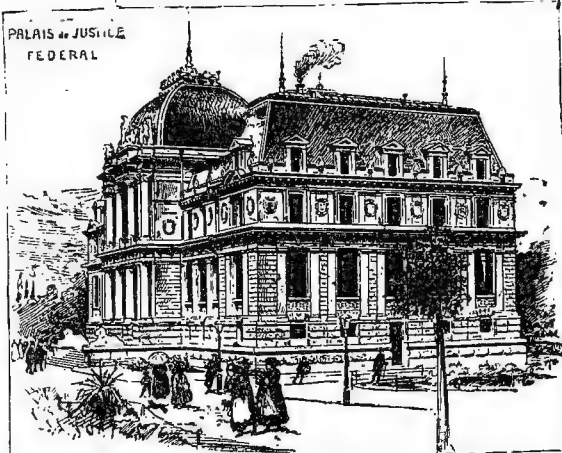
OUTSIDE S. FRANCOIS

English
Residents

I wrote the last line of the last page, in a summer-house of



HOTEL de VILLE

PALAIS de JUSTICE
FEDERAL

my garden. After laying down my pen, I took several turns in a *berceau*, or covered walk, of acacias, which commands a prospect of the country, the lakes, and the mountains. The air was temperate, the

yoke. His troops took possession of Berne, and a Helvetian Republic was formed; but in 1803, and again in 1848, the Cantonal system was restored and improved, and again peace and prosperity are smiling upon the place, and showing their kindly influence in the great works undertaken in recent years.

"Lausanne," says one of the guide-books, "is now, as in the days of Gibbon, distinguished for its good society, and is considered a most desirable place of residence." This latter fact, anyhow, will be gathered from the accompanying illustrations. We show it, however, not, as in the few summer months, overrun by a hurried breathless crowd of tourists, but as during the delightful, sunny, dry winter, when it is the kindly dwelling-place of over 2,000 English visitors. It can hardly boast of being the most picturesque town in Switzerland, but the views of the Escalier du Marché, the old Bernese house, and one or two other engravings indicate that it has considerable claim to the picturesque. Of course the English quarter is neat and square, and quite modern and is favoured with extra attention in the way of width of road and a promenade, where in summer the band plays under the leafy plane trees, on a piece of ground which is said to be "laid out as an English garden." In the great group on the hill dominating the rest of the town the Cathedral forms the most conspicuous object. Its exterior is undergoing a lengthy course of restoration according to plans by Viollet-le-Duc, but to most people the interior, though said to be very beautiful in proportion, will appear cold and deserted-looking, and they will wonder if there is a necessity for such a fine building to be so utterly cheerless as it appears to the visitor going there in the daytime with no congregation present to give colour, and the cold light of day flooding the stonework with an unbroken grey. There are a few monuments of interest—all buried away in the extreme east end of the church—one being to the wife of an English ambassador; and the carved choir-stalls, now out of their proper place, are interesting. The next noteworthy building in this group is the Castle. Built in the beginning of the fifteenth century as the residence of the Bishops, it was afterwards used, during their occupation of the country, by the Bernese Bailiffs, and now serves for the Government offices of the Vaud Canton. It bears marks of all these periods, but has lost many interesting features. The gate called the Tour St. Marie is now the most picturesque part, and still retains its old grim



MARKET DAY

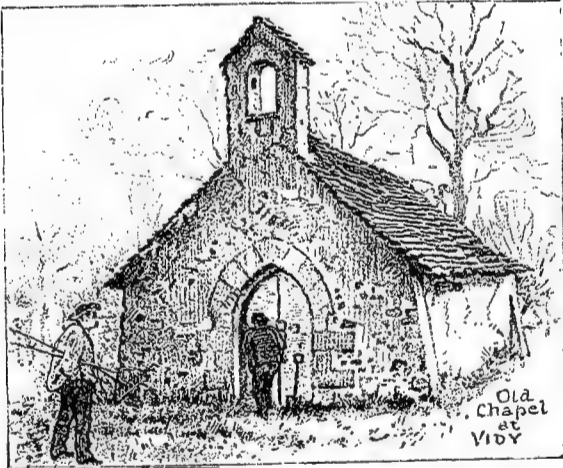
look, as may be gathered from the sketch. There are three or four small museums (one on the right in the market scene) and all the usual accompaniments of civilisation in the shape of a new Federal Palais de Justice (see illustration), an Hotel de Ville (see illustration), which dates from 1454, but was much altered in 1674—the copper gargoyles on the roof are particularly handsome; also a Free Library, Theatre, &c. The church of St. Francis has a picturesque exterior, and the organ is said by some to rank next to that at Freiburg. This can be judged of by the visitor sometimes on Sunday afternoons when there is a grand concert there. The pigeons drinking and washing themselves at the fountain against its north wall form

a feature visitors will notice (see illustration), and one of the things talked of at the *table d'hôte*.

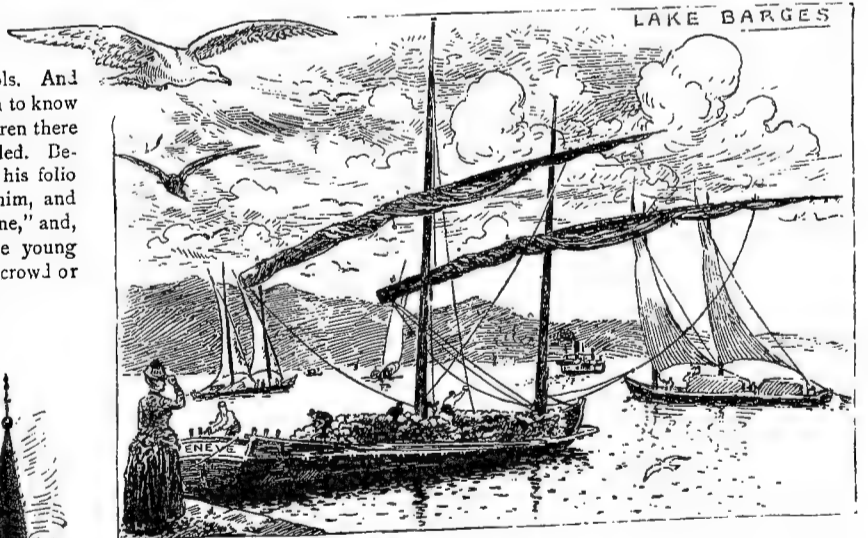
But Lausanne is chiefly noted for its schools. And truly the artist has reason to know that there are many children there and that schools are needed. Before he can even open his folio some youngster spies him, and raises the cry of "Il dessine," and, like a summer cloud the young people roll together and crowd or play touch around him. Our view of children leaving the Primary School is very characteristic, and as they

disperse, clad in their picturesque blouses, a long, vigorous, healthy stream of young men and mailens flows down a staircase on the right from the schools and college higher up. The time for a visitor

to see Lausanne is on a market-day, and then he will find the old streets crowded with endless quaint old baskets, wherein are displayed all kinds of garden produce and other goods, presided over by weather-worn neighbouring villagers. The Market Square on Saturday (see illustration) is, indeed, a very pretty sight, the prevailing blue of the blouses being to our eyes, a great improvement to the colour of the crowd. The careful housewife then sallies out with her daughter and maid, carrying copious baskets, and, after much choosing and bargaining, succeeds in filling them to the brim, and returns home to cook her purchases with her well-known continental skill. Near by long rows of oxen are tied up quietly munching their straw, waiting the hour of one, when their great strength will be again required to drag back the market cart to the little farm up the valley. Occasionally



Old Chapel at Vidy



LAKE BARGES



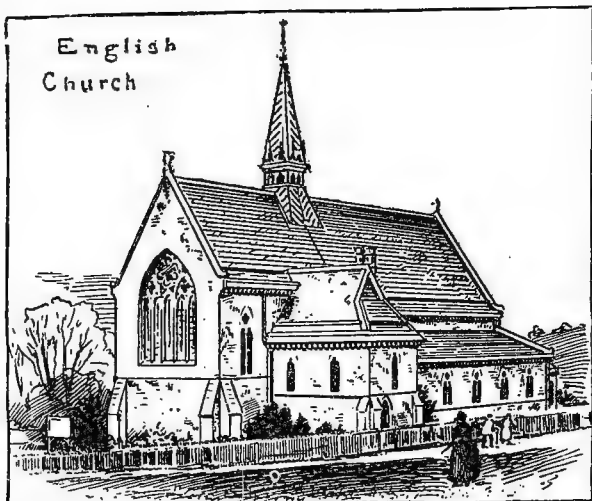
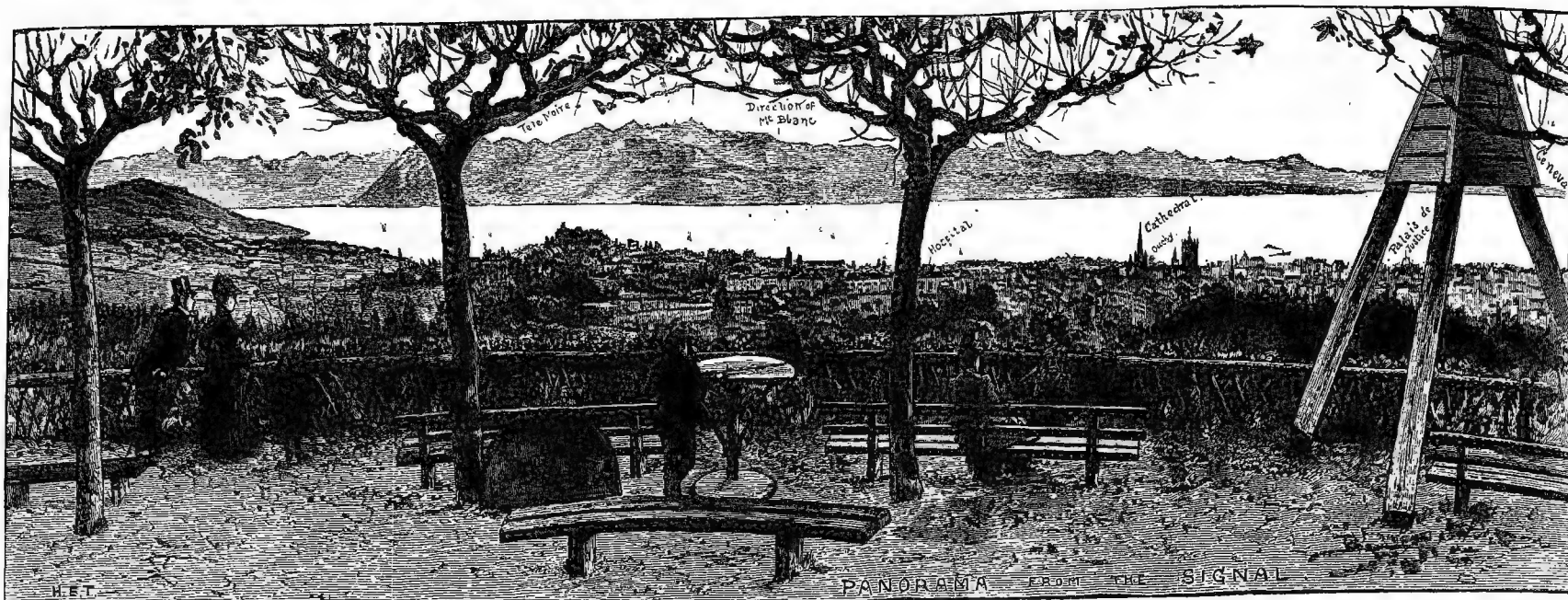
TOWER OF DUCHY



Church of Pully



TOWER OF DUCHY



the comb, while in the next the restaurant keeper and country bumpkin pass along the row of men and women standing beside or holding their cackling and quacking stock for sale. Everywhere there is plenty of interest, and the tourist may even indulge his appetite with a few cheap and luscious pears at one of the stalls.

Lausanne is admirably placed for short and interesting walks in the neighbourhood. The port of Ouchy, one and-a-half miles away, is connected with the town by a cable railway, called here *funiculaire*, which in a few minutes saves the wayfarer a steep climb of nearly 500 ft. altitude to the town.

The place consists of two or three hotels, a few shops, a pier, and an old tower (see Illus.), the only part left of the château built by the old Bishops, and afterwards used as the custom-house until the removal of the latter to the large new building in Lausanne itself. The lantern sails of the large boats on the lake one seldom sees elsewhere, except on the Mediterranean, and are very characteristic of this port. The constant steamboat traffic with Geneva and other places on the lake keeps this otherwise quiet little place from being dull.

It was when staying here in 1816, detained a couple of days in a small inn by bad weather, that Byron wrote his "Prisoner of Chillon," having just visited that place. A bit further along the coast there is a castle, concerning which it is told that two large landed proprietors early in the century made a bet as to who could build the most ancient tower, and the one on the coast won the wager, beating his rival's square tower a little higher up (see Illus.). A little further east still is a small village called Prilly, which boasts a picturesque little church (see Illus.), and of course, a good school.

On the opposite side of the town there is out at Vidy a small old chapel, now used as a tool house, and it was here that Major Davel stopped to pray on his way to execution in a neighbouring field after his unsuccessful attempt in 1723 to liberate his Canton from the Bernese yoke.

The Lausannois think much of this their chief hero, and there is

a great tree, 90 feet long, will sweep down through the crowd, drawn by two of the stout patient beasts, on its way to the port. Here, in one narrow street, rows of women are retailing fresh butter and queer-shaped soft cheeses, and dark rich honey in

a large painting of his execution in their nice little picture gallery, by the native artist, Gleyre, and a slab to his memory in the cathedral. But the walk, *par excellence*, is to the Signal, a hill a mile behind the town, from which a really splendid view may be obtained. The old lady who served us with coffee on the summit, however, says that winter is very dull up there as regards visitors; though, with the charming view obtained in front made doubly interesting by the not uncommon map-table erected there, showing the names and directions of all the objects of interest, and the charming rambles, ankle-deep in dry leaves, through the delightful woods of Sauvabelin, the excursion ought to be a great attraction to the visitor. Any one staying some time will find out many other such excursions; such, for example, as that to the old giant lime-tree in the near village of Prilly, which belongs two-thirds to this commune and one-third to the next, with bill-posting rights to the Bishops, and lopping rights to the inhabitants of either district.

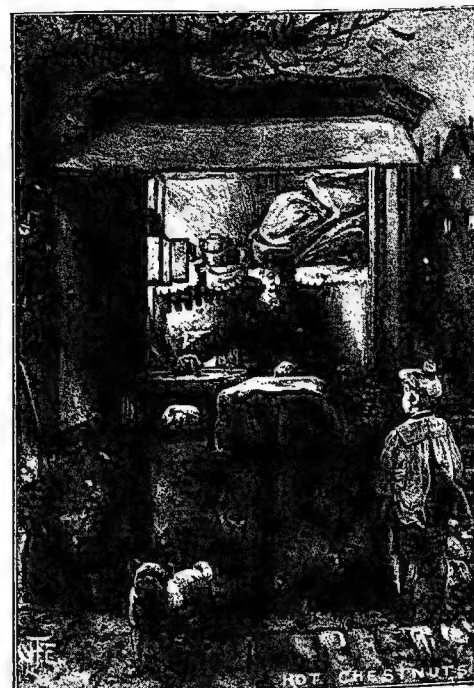
Many delightful distant excursions can also be made, both by rail and boat, to such renowned places as Montreux, Chillon, Gorges du Trient, &c.

The English provide for themselves a Presbyterian chapel and an Episcopal Church, which are often crowded to the doors, while lawn-tennis, football, and cricket clubs, and other like institutions are well organised and vigorously sustained, and at the favourite *pensions* (which by the way are generally full), evening entertainments are constantly got up by the young people.

Some of the sights which most strike a visitor fresh from England are the public fountains where the people fetch their water and wash their clothes; the people, old and young, carrying baskets on their backs, locally called "hottes"; the open-air wood-cutting—wood being universally burnt instead of coal; and the country bullock-carts (one of which is depicted above). There is little going on in the streets at night, the shops close early and leave the trade



A Street Scene



to the chestnut men, whose little houses shine out like beacons at every other corner. Although Lausanne does not now boast of such a crowd of great ones as in the days when Gibbon kept open house there, and wrote his history, so that even ladies were fain to sleep in their carriages, yet we should be very happy if pleasure or business would again take us there to enjoy the many pleasant features of the town and its surroundings. H. E. T.



THE LIDO

To visit the Lido from Venice is like taking a steamer from London Bridge for Rosherville and its gardens. Rosherville Gardens and the Lido each stand towards the city adjacent like agreeable pores upon the skin. The Londoners go to the resort on the Thames to spend a happy day. The Venetians go on board the Lido steamboat with the same expectation. Sandwiches, beer, music, and dancing are, perhaps, the chief minor attractions of Rosherville. Similarly, on the Lido, the Venetians make mild feasts, and, further, bathe in the foam of the Adriatic from its yellow sands, pick up what are euphemistically called "wonders of the deep," inhale the pure ozone of the breezes, and wander among the kitchen-gardens and vineyards till they feel that they have drained their cup of pleasure to the dregs, and that it is time to return to the city of domes and palaces.

But really Rosherville ought to thank us for bracketing it with such a resort as the Lido. The Thames gardens have nothing of the unsophisticated idyllic atmosphere of the Lido. They are an institution for the spending of money with some sort of *Alsation décalé*. A poor man there is like a fish upon land. With the Lido it is not so. All its fifteen miles of salubrious thoroughfare, with the salt sea upon one side, and the still, glassy, purpled waters of the lagoon upon the other side, and Venice in the midst of the lagoon—are for the poor and the rich alike. There is no making the campanile of St. Mark's an exclusive property. Nor will the red and bronzed sails of the fishers' boats unfurl for none but counts and marquises. The snowy peaks of the Alps, moreover, rise against the blue beyond, for all eyes. And the pure winds purge the lungs of all who meet them.

In truth, the Lido is the best part of Venice. It is as bracing as a climb above the snow-line to get away from the damp, dark old churches and palaces which are the glory of the Rialto, to stand upon these little sandhills. In Venice there is no horizon. If you are in a gondola, going from one house to another, you are on a level with the basements of the buildings, which press you closely upon either hand. The buildings themselves may be excellent specimens of Venetian Gothic domestic architecture; their upper windows, in particular, seem made to extort praise from the modern. But what boots it to you, who see them not? The domestic sewers are more in your line of vision. Like enough, a Venetian maid-servant, with a lusty "canzone" on her active tongue, throws some eggshells, or a cabbage-stalk, into the canal at the moment of your passage. "Diamine!" exclaims the gondolier, if he be hit. And you also are not likely to be improved in your humour if the refuse fall with a thump upon the water by your elbow, and there is a cascade into your face. Unless you are very much saturated with love for Venice and her associations, I do not see how you can do otherwise than dislike these unsavoury "canaletti," which are the arteries and capillaries, and therefore the very life, of the old city. Better a thousand times to get out of them; into the broad lagoon by the quays; on to the campanile of some famous church; or, by the little ferry steamer, pass to the Lido, and thence view Venice as a whole, forgetful of the unpleasant parts which compose the whole.

In spring the Lido is lovely; both for itself and its outlook. The larks are then carolling over your head, as if they were in England's air, instead of suspended above vineyards and gardens of "finocchi." The vines are in their comeliest garb of primeval green. The trees have put forth their first shoots; the almonds are already in flower. And nothing can be more exhilarating than the roar of the surge of the sea upon the outer shore of the long, narrow island. Even on a calm day, the Adriatic is turbulent here, and recalls the dangers of the coast of tropical lands. It is as if the contrast between the slumberous tranquillity of Venice in her salt lake, and the fierce moods of the sea to which she is so near, and from which she is yet so well protected, were designedly emphasised.

It is a glorious walk along this proud rampart of Venice from the steamboat wharf to Malamocco, five miles to the south. Ever the polished surface of the lagoon to the right, and the restless Adriatic to the left. In places it is but a few yards from the one water to the other. The Adriatic is a study of green and blue and white in commotion. The lagoon, on the other hand, has vast variety of beauties. The islets which bestud it are green with foliage, or grey with fortifications, or crimson where the towers of churches or the walls of cloisters rise from their soil. Mirror these trees, forts, and conventual buildings in the glassy water, and let every passing cloud, further, cast its shadow; and there is no end to the lagoon's fascinations. Well may the shrimpers who grope among its weeds sing over their work, hard and ill-requited though it be. It is like delving in Eden or fairyland. And beyond is the mainland, a pearly shallow more or less substantial. The bells from the churches of Venice drift their music with rare sweetness across the water, and complete the Lido's charm.

One could gossip awhile about Malamocco if the town were not outvied in interest by the sandbank on which it is built. It is a series of tall houses—white, with green facings—and the natives follow the Venetian fashion of enlivening their windows with bed-linen and counterpanes—scarlet, and blue, and green, as if they were *living* the day until bedtime. Like every other townlet of its size, it has a Piazza Garibaldi; but it does not expect to entertain visitors; and the pedestrian who astonishes its copper-coloured fisher-folk, their wives, and multitudinous children by appearing in their midst, will be hard set for a meal. It were better to return to the landing-stage, and there feast in the shade at one or other of the little tables, the snowy napkins and piles of big oranges upon which are as seducing as they are meant to be. If it is a gala day (in celebration of a saint, or one of Italy's many heroes), a fisherman or two will be at hand to tinkle a mandoline for the stranger, and shout a love ballad. But really the mandoline and the ballad may be dispensed with here. They are not half so fine a condiment for the soup and the mullet as the white houses of Venice across the water, and the gondolas moving darkly to and fro upon it.

Not, however, that the Lido's mood is always, even in spring, of this bewitching gentleness. There is a fiendish infliction called a "fog" which, on a sudden, may scream across at Venice from the mountains behind Trieste. Then there is a cruel wreck of all the Lido's charms. A fog may generate with this demoniacal win, and rain may fall. All is then immediately dismal, piercingly cold, damp, and ugly. If you see the domes of St. Mark and the spires of the churches, you then see them as in glass very darkly. They are then no more provocative of dove-like sentiment than the warehouses by Blackfriars Bridge in November. The Adriatic has parted with all its colour—it is leaden and grim. And the lagoon, which erstwhile we had thought almost too beautiful for the humour of sinful mortality, is muddy and perturbed like a farm-yard pool stirred to its depths by a herd of swine and cattle. Such is the Lido at its worst—a fitting parallel to the Lido at its best.

C. E.

MELTON OUT OF SEASON

SEPTEMBER is hardly the month that a lover of the chase would select for a visit to the headquarters of sport, the Nimrods and "fair Dianas" who form its chief attraction being at that period of the year, as the French say, "conspicuous by their absence." Wishing, however, to see the place in its normal state, and profiting by the offer of delightful quarters in the house of one of the leading patrons of the locality, I passed a week there very agreeably, and had ample opportunity of rendering myself as familiar with the town and its immediate neighbourhood as an "outsider" could reasonably desire.

Melton Mowbray, statistically speaking, contains nearly six thousand inhabitants, and, according to the railway manuals, is distant from the metropolis one hundred and five miles. The town is pleasantly situated in a valley encircled by gently sloping hills, and approached by well-kept roads which, were they endowed with speech, might say, with Wordsworth's little girl, "We are seven." With the exception of a fine old church, whose chimes play the "Blue Bells of Scotland" every Thursday at mid-day, Melton boasts nothing remarkable for architectural beauty; its principal streets are narrow and ill-paved, but, by way of compensation, asphalt is laid down on the footpaths of most of the afore-mentioned seven roads, in some cases for nearly a mile, thereby ensuring a dry walk in winter to the delicately-shod Meltonian belles. There are three capital hotels—the George, the Bell, and the Harborough—affording comfortable quarters for hunting bachelors; the two latter, moreover, are renowned for an excellent *cuisine*, the staple product of the locality, the celebrated Melton pork pie, being doubtless an invariable adjunct to the breakfast-table.

It may parenthetically be mentioned that, whereas in other parts of the country the term "Hall" is usually, and indiscriminately, applied to villas and hunting-boxes, often possessing no more claim to the distinction than the classic abode of Mr. Squeers, almost every one of any pretension in and about Melton bears the more modest designation of "Lodge," one of the few exceptions being the house in the High Street occupied of late years during the winter months by the Duke of Portland, and known as The Limes. By far the most important of these is Egerton Lodge, the residence of Elizabeth, Countess of Wilton, and her husband, Mr. Arthur Pryor—a large house, or, rather, two houses in one, situated on a rising ground at the entrance of Melton from the Leicester Road, and overlooking a pretty garden. The two remaining "Lodges" in the town worthy of the name are Coventry Lodge, opposite the railway station, and North Lodge, formerly occupied by Mr. John Coupland, for fourteen years the popular Master of the "Quorn."

Leaving Egerton Lodge on the right, and proceeding for a short distance along the Leicester road, we turn to the left above the railway, and pass the pretty cottage inhabited by Lady Grant, widow of the late President of the Royal Academy, adjoining the house and grounds of Mr. William Chaplin. On the summit of the hill, facing the north, is Mowbray Lodge, a brick villa of rather pretentious architecture, formerly rented by Mr. Barclay, the owner of Bendigo; and from thence runs the road to Dalby, of which, from a picturesque point of view, the less said the better. Eastward from the railway station begins the more frequented Burton road, on the left of which stands Craven Lodge, the residence of Captain Baldock, his nearest neighbour being the popular Mr. Beaumont Lubbock. Two miles further on, another notability of the hunting-field, Captain Ashton, has established his quarters, within easier reach of the "meets" than falls to the lot of the lady equestrian *par excellence*, Mrs. Sloane Stanley, who lives five miles from Melton.

Passing under the "Great Northern" at the end of the town, we come to the Scaford Road, and notice on the right the ivy-covered snugery until recently tenanted by the late Mr. Behrens, one of the most hospitable Amphitryons of the sporting fraternity. Higher up the hill are the respective abodes of two local tradesmen, facing each other on opposite sides of the way, and forming the last link in this direction between suburban civilisation and the open country. It is worth while prolonging our walk beyond the village of Scaford, from which point a magnificent view is obtainable of the vale of Belvoir and its distant castle.

To my mind, the prettiest road in the neighbourhood is that leading to Nottingham, bordered on either side by the freshest and greenest pasture-lands, every now and then disclosing a glimpse of some rustic homestead, with its well-piled hayricks and browsing cattle. About a mile from the town, on the right, stands a large white house, built on a rising ground, but sheltered from the north-east winds by a clump of trees at the back; this is Sysonby, the residence of the Hon. Major Stirling, and his deservedly popular wife. Three miles beyond it—although I can only speak from hearsay, not having pushed my investigations so far—is the seat of another staunch supporter of the hunt, Mr. Turner Farleigh.

The village of Thorpe, a mile and a quarter from Melton, had been recommended to me as a suitable object for a morning stroll; a quaint old church, however, its sole attraction, hardly repaid me for a flat and uninteresting walk, and I marvelled how the owner of a (then) unfinished hunting-box, plainly visible from the road on my way thither, could possibly have selected so unpromising a site.

In the course of my rambles through the highways and byways of the little town, I discovered in the High Street a public-house bearing the curious sign of "Old Bishop Blaise;" and in a more remote locality came across a lane of uninviting aspect, but dignified by the imposing name of Pall Mall. Shortly after, my attention was attracted by an announcement in a shop window, purporting that the occupier of the premises exercised the profession of "razor rectifier." Whether the phrase be peculiar to this part of Leicestershire or not I am unable to say; but it struck me as original, and I made a note of it.

C. H.

RECOLLECTIONS OF ROYAT-LES-BAINS

My most vivid recollection of Royat is the being dragged out of my bed on the morning after my arrival by a brawny and fierce-looking man, in spite of my struggles and remonstrances, to which he only muttered "Bah!" He wrapped a blanket round me, hurried me out of the room, and, before I knew where I was, wedged me inside a sedan chair which stood on the landing. A sedan chair! Was I arrested by the authorities as a German spy or a lunatic at large, and was the sedan chair the Auvergnat equivalent of "Black Maria"? Horrible thought! "Bah" was evidently the local way of pronouncing *Bagnes*. I was then too much fluttered to do anything but gasp, so I subsided and waited events. The brawny one and a comrade trotted me downstairs into the open street, and the full glare of daylight. I am in for it, I thought. I fully expected to see outside a howling and surging mob, accumulated to enjoy my arrest. But no, I did not attract any particular notice, which I felt to be somewhat of a snub. We passed on our way several other sedans, with other spies or lunatics muffled up inside. Presently we approached some gardens with ornamental kiosques, and a long building of the Romano-Camberwell order, which we entered. I was hurried out, and led to a cell. I was on the point of asking permission to wire to my friends before incarceration, when I glanced inside the cell. A luminous idea then struck me. "Bah" was after all *Bain*, and I had merely been brought down to be saturated in a few minerals.

I recollect that the mineral springs of Royat are extremely numerous, and out of all proportion to the places where you can get good whisky. They are, moreover, perennial in supply. I remember well Caesar the mild and St. Victor the irony; St. Mart, the enemy of the gout; and Eugénie, which has still to find its manifest destiny as an insect destroyer; and there were others which I have forgotten. I found afterwards that they discover a new one there every other season, which is found by its proprietor to be the real, original, one and only Roman spring. This has been going on so long at Royat, that they have by now exhausted all the possible varieties as regards taste, and have fallen back upon smell. In the matter of smell they have progressed from evil to more evil, and then to most evil. A spring is thought small beer of there which does not smell strong enough to make you sneeze, and a sympathetic "Dieu vous bénisse" goes round among the crowd at the drinking taps. But the limits as regards smell have not yet been reached. The proprietor of my hotel, a fascinating lady of great business capacities, gave me privately a sample of the spring which she is going to discover next season. It nearly blew my brains out when I smelt it. It stands on my mantelpiece at home at Clapham now, well-corked, and a great blessing it has proved; for since it has been there we have found the neighbourhood remarkably free from infectious disorders. The visitor to Royat will notice with pleasure that although there is this variety in the water springs, there is, per contra, much uniformity in the vehicle springs. They are all absolutely alike, and do not spring at all.

I recollect the magnificent air at Royat, and I could not help thinking how remarkably foolish it was to make yourself ill with the waters. The fact, no doubt, is that you would probably be dead after a fortnight of the springs, were it not for the vivifying qualities of the air. The water and the air wage mortal combat, and fortunately the air has it. Breathing that air, you may taste again that most natural, most innocent, most remunerative, and most lovely of all longings, the longing for meal times. To feel that though the watch in your pocket says it is three o'clock, the other watch beneath it declares it must and ought to be six, and dinner time, is worth a good deal to the jaded Londoner. But you do not find that air in the Casino Gardens, where the bulk of the visitors loiter patiently expecting it to come to them. You must walk up, and walk round; up the wooded ravines, where you are buried in pines and Spanish chestnuts, round the shoulders of the hills, where you are hung over magnificent panoramas, by charming woodland paths, and cindery lanes—for you are treading on extinct volcanoes everywhere—with their tremendous grasshoppers, and their luscious blackberries. If you do this, and shirk the waters, then Royat does you a power of good.

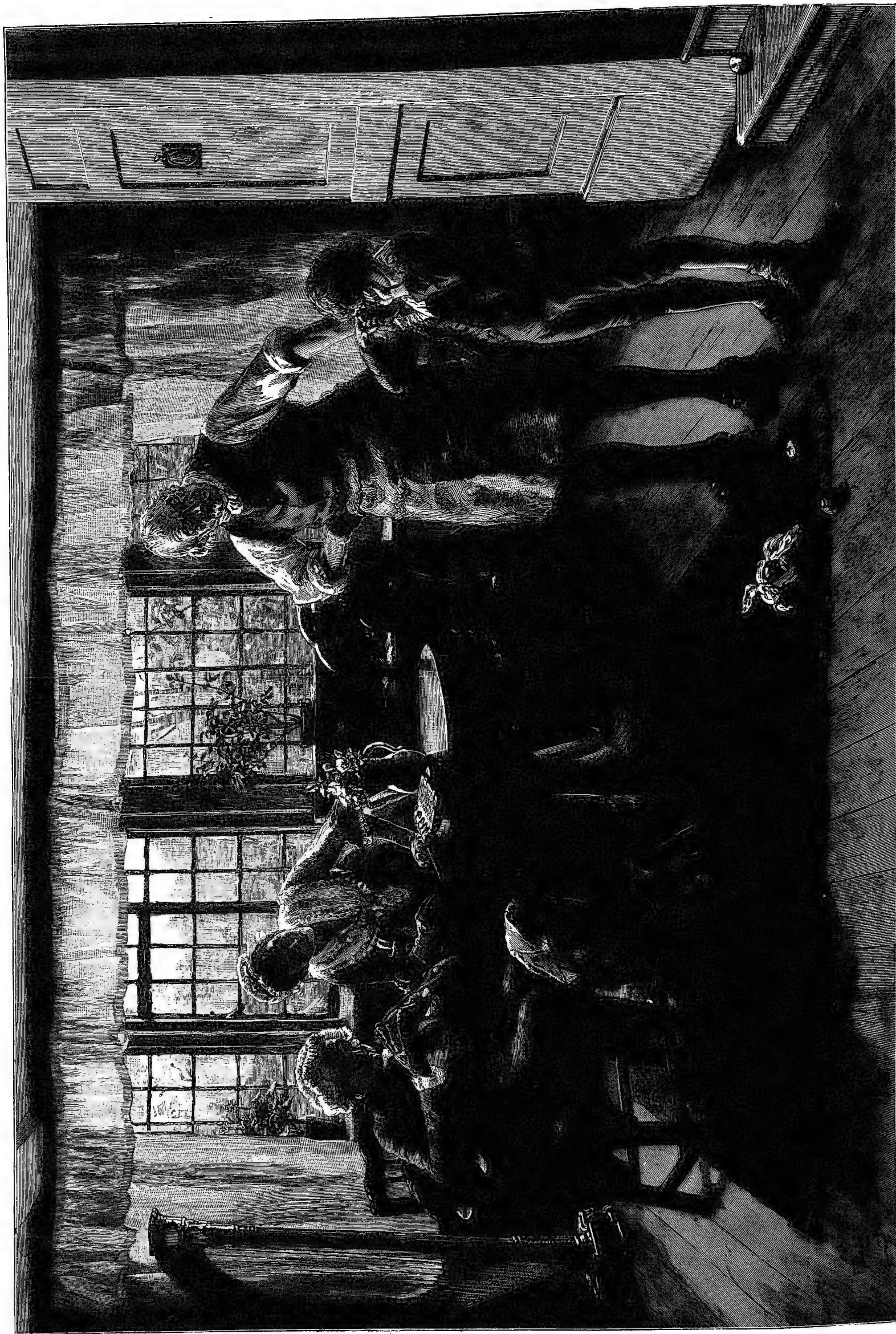
My uppermost recollection of Royat is, of course, the Puy de Dôme, the adjacent mountain which dominates the district, and looks down upon valleys, gorges, and plains, without end. I took a stroll up to the top the first Sunday after my arrival, a pleasant walk of some six or seven miles. On the way up the ascent to the foot of the mountain, you pass, on Sundays, a good many wickerettes and covered carts, loaded with gay and excited parties, and travelling at least a mile an hour. These are intrepid natives of the district, or visitors from the remotest parts of France, who have made up their minds to risk themselves on an excursion from Royat to the Puy. Brave is the mien of the gay cavaliers; joyous the laughter and sweet the smiles of the fair ones they are protecting; and very large indeed are the hampers of provisions; which they think necessary for a pilgrimage of twelve miles. When you get to the foot of the mountain, you behold the restaurants, with pleasant orchards, and *à la carte* tables galore. There do the caravans alight, and on the tables are the provisions spread, and the fun goes fast and furious; the object of the native excursion to the Puy-de-Dôme evidently being the eating a hearty meal at the foot thereof.

Having an English distrust of meals when out walking, I pushed on upwards; but when I had got half way up, I repented me of not making some concession to the flesh below. I had hardly thought this thought, when I beheld before me a middle-aged native, who looked like a genuine and uncorrupted Auvergnat rigged out by Moses for the Sabbath. He had a promising barrel slung by his side. It immediately occurred to me that it is the duty of the stranger in foreign parts to make himself civil to the people whose hospitality he is enjoying, or hopes to enjoy. So I joined my steps with the Rough Diamond's, and, with one eye on the barrel, I put forward my best French and my most fascinating manner. I praised his independence in carrying his own provisions—for he had an exciting wallet besides the barrel—and drew the conversation round to the great heat of the day. Long before we got to the top, we sat down in a shady nook, and out came the bung. We shared the good wine inside, and expressed admiration for each other's country; and when we did get to the top, I repaid my preserver as well as I could by giving him a luminous description of the ruined Roman temple there. I am bound to say he took in all my facts with as little distress as I had done his wine. I gave him also a brief history of the Romans, not neglecting the Gallic invasion, but I softened it down as much as I could, and by the end of it we were both thirsty again, and applied ourselves once more to the barrel. So strange are the freaks of memory, that I never see again in my mind's eye that glorious view from the top of the Puy without seeing the barrel also.

One other recollection. I remember taking a great deal of trouble to see the national dance of Auvergne, the *bourrée*, performed. There was a *bal champêtre* a little way out of Royat, which I haunted every Sunday night in the hope of catching it on the hop, but in vain; the visitors to the ball disdained to dance anything but the quadrille, the polka, and what they termed the "Skottish." As the end of my visit approached, I confided my disappointment to an hotel acquaintance. "The *bourrée*, oh, the *bourrée*!" he said, with a laugh. "Auvergne is all Parisian now. Wait till you pass through Paris, my friend; you will see there the best *bourrées*, and the most typical Auvergnats as well."

R. T. G.

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Passing from the lower orders in Creation to Mankind himself, human courage and endurance are shown at their highest pitch in "The World of Adventure" (Cassell), a veritable storehouse of sensational deeds and exploits. All these stories are true, and as they range from olden days to modern times, from mountain ascents to shipwrecks, and from valour on the battlefield to common sense on the railway-line, there is something to suit all tastes.—Plenty of adventures, too, may be found in "The Romance of the Forests" (Hogg), where Mr. Ascott Hope tells the tale of the woods just as he gave the history of the mountains last year. The forests of the New World occupy most attention ; but Mr. Hope does not forget the legends and fancies of the Old Country, and interweaves his narrative with attractive sketches of the woodcutters, the hermits, and our old ballad-hero, Robin Hood. No heroes of romance, but of stern reality, were "The Martyrs to Freedom" (Hogg), whose struggles for national liberty are depicted by the Rev. P. Barnes. Sometimes Mr. Barnes's zeal for national freedom leads him to rather prejudiced views ; but, in the main, he draws very sympathetic portraits of such widely differing characters as—among others—Wallace of Scotland, Emmett of Ireland, Rhigas of Modern Greece,

Now to the story-books proper. The most exciting is certainly Mr. R. M. Ballantyne's "Blown to Bits" (Nisbet), which combines a very telling description of the eruption of Krakatoa in 1883 with the reunion of a lost parent and child, and a due spice of love-making. Mr. Ballantyne's hand has lost none of its cunning, and his facts are carefully presented. His "Crew of the *Water Wagtail*" (Nisbet) is another pleasant fiction rather out of the ordinary track, as it details the adventures of castaways on Newfoundland in the sixteenth century. One more sea-yarn hails from nearer home, where Mrs. Saxby provides a fresh sketch of the Shetland Isles, "The Yarl's Yacht" (Nisbet), a sequel to her "Lads of Lunda." There is little plot, but the picture of the free sea-life enjoyed by the Shetlanders will make London boys long to fly north.—Many of them, also, may have had experience of some such schoolboy scrapes as Mr. Ascott Hope relates in "Our Stories" (Biggs and Debenham), the account of "Our First Pipe" being genuinely humorous.—Amongst collections of short tales, Mr. Alfred Miles has compiled two solid volumes of sketches by popular authors, and on varied themes, "Fifty-Two Stories for Boys" and "Fifty-Two Stories for Girls" (Hutchinson). These tales are gathered from familiar periodicals, but many of American origin will be quite new to British readers.—Books for the girls are of more sober tone, and have a depressing tendency to inflict terrible accidents on their heroes and heroines, who lie crippled for the rest of their lives. Such is the fate of poor tomboy "Lil" (Smith and Innes), whose story is most charmingly told by the author of "Tip-Cat," and proves very entertaining in spite of Lil's woes, while the same sad lot of one of the heroines contributes to the happy ending of "Things Will Take a Turn" (Blackie). The characters of the old-fashioned little damsel in the bookseller's shop and the jovial bird-fancier are capably drawn, and Miss Beatrice Harra-den's tale is one of the prettiest on our list.—Again "My Boynie" (Sonnenschein) is similarly disabled; but he is a sweet little fellow, and deserves all the sisterly affection pathetically described by Evelyn Everett Green, till he fades out of life.—Now Max of "Laurel Crowns" (Nisbet) is of sterner stuff, and gets through life very well with one leg, thanks to the help of a pleasant family circle. This is an excellent novelette by Mrs. Marshall for boys and girls in their early teens, and it further includes an eloquent plea for the Seamen's Missions abroad.—Devoted brothers and sisters are numerous, like "Noel and Geoff" (Hogg), two bewitching motherless children who, from F. Armstrong's description, must have been a great trial to the maiden aunt in charge of them, or like the quaint small couple in "Paul's Friend" (Smith and Innes), who worked a great miracle in a quiet French town. Miss Stella Austin has a happy knack of describing children, while her portrait of the wild yellow cat is a true touch of Nature.—There is another sick heroine in "Bert" (Wells Gardner), but her autobiography, related by Janie Brockman, is cheerful enough, and of more healthy sentiment than the oppressive goodness of "Number Three, Winifred Place" (Nisbet). If Rhona were a little less perfect, there would be more

The fairy tales which delighted past generations still hold their glamour for modern children, and thus few literary presents will be better enjoyed than "The Blue Fairy-Book" (Longmans). Here Mr. Andrew Lang has collected old favourites from Grimm, Perrault, Madame d'Aulnoy, and our own English traditions, together with Norse sagas, Scotch legends, and abridgments from the "Arabian Nights"—a perfect treasury of fairy lore. The illustrations, by H. J. Ford and G. P. Jacobm Hood, are most graceful and artistic.—There are some dainty fairy fancies in "Wee Folk, Good Folk" (Sampson Low), wherein Ethel Wilmot-Buxton pilots a sick child among the genii of the air, the trees, the winds, the flames, and so forth, F. M. Cooper's drawings well carrying out the spirit of the dream. Again, the "good people" figure in "An Irish Midsummer Night's Dream" (Sampson Low), when Mr. J. Bickerdyke introduces his Shannon peasant to the haunt of the fays, and E. Morant Cox's pencil humorously portrays his discomfiture.—Nearest in touch to the old fairy favourites, however, is U. Ashworth Taylor's "Knight Asrael" (Sonnenschein) and its accompanying stories, which have caught the true spirit of romance. Nursery readers not yet advanced enough for such imaginative fantasies, may enjoy "Old Mother Goose's Rhymes" (Warne), which Constance Haslewood illustrates in right laughable fashion; the moral lessons neatly enforced by "Pictorial Proverbs for Little People" (S.P.C.K.), with its short tales and brightly-coloured pictures; or the big print and clear woodcuts of people and animals in "Golden Sunshine Story Book" (Ward, Lock) by Muriel Evelyn.—A tasteful trio of artistic booklets from Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton are intended for the elder girls—the usual combination of monotypic vignettes and poetry, such as "Sweet Innocence," by Clarice Cornwall, with its childish portraits; "Sweet Home," arranged by Kate Spencer to portray domestic life; and Emma Tatham's year's calendar, "On The Ocean of Time," best of the three. Miss H. Hatton and Messrs. Edwards, Woodruff, and Barraud are the capable artists.

Our list of annuals includes "The Dawn of Day" and "The Child's Pictorial" (S.P.C.K.), and the "Rosebud Annual" (Clarke), while among the reprints comes another edition of Mr. Palmer Cox's amusing "The Brownies" (Fisher Unwin), which was one of the best picture-books of last season.

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SEPTEMBER enjoys a rainfall averaging over two inches. A table for the years 1840-60 gives 2.10 inches as the mean, while a second record for 1870-80 gives 2.33 inches. The past month's rainfall was 1.60 inches only, the deficiency, therefore, being from half an inch to .73 of an inch. But for the very heavy rainfall of the 24th, when .96 of an inch fell, and for .24 of an inch on the 2nd, the month would have been a singularly rainless one. Even as it was, twenty-four days were absolutely free from rain. Such weather was peculiarly propitious after the delayed and interrupted harvesting of August. It enabled the crops to be got in much better than at one time seemed probable, and it also favoured threshings of the

new corn. The temperature of September had a great range, from 81 deg. on the 11th to 35 deg. on the 23rd. Up to the 19th the temperature was above the mean, but after the 20th it was lower than usual, and fires in most English houses were resumed before Michaelmas—in old housekeeping, an unusually early date. After a long spell of calm weather, from August 25th to September 19th, the period of the autumnal equinox was squally, with backing and shifting winds, and a good deal of rain.

ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY (ENGLAND).—The annual junior examinations for Agricultural Scholarships will be held on November 12th and 13th, when ten Scholarships of 20l. each will be open for competition to candidates under eighteen. The examination includes the principles of agriculture, chemistry as applied to agriculture, elementary mechanics as applied to agriculture, and to land surveying. We do not understand very clearly why boys at public schools are discouraged from entering by the imposition of two restrictions, from which boys who have not left school do not suffer, but, possibly, the intention is to exclude as far as possible the public school or higher grade of boy; reserving, practically, the endowment for the sons of bailiffs and of the better paid farm

labourers, who usually leave school at fourteen or fifteen, and at once begin to acquire practice on the farm. The examinations, so we understand, do not attract any special competition, and some times some of the scholarships are not awarded.

PLYMOUTH.—Although the "Royal" Show does not take place before next Midsummer, Plymouth is already astir with preparation. A very strong local committee has been formed, and has already met, and resolved "That 300l. in prizes be offered for the best-cultivated farms in Devon and Cornwall." Conditions of competition are left to the Royal Society to fix, but "it is proposed to divide the prizes into classes for farms of different sizes, so that the occupiers of small holdings may have an equal opportunity of competing with the occupiers of large estates." The Royal Society has already issued a schedule of special prizes for implements, cider, perry, cheese, jam, and preserves, while the list of prizes for live stock and produce will be published before the end of the present year. The farmers of Devon and Cornwall are welcoming the idea of the Royal Show being held within their confines, and all things at present point to a grand and instructive display.

NOBILITY OF LIFE.

"WHO BEST CAN SUFFER BEST CAN DO."—Milton.

The Victorian Reign is unparalleled in the History of Great Empires for its Purity, Goodness, and Greatness!!

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"Such principles, if evoked and carried into action, would produce an almost perfect moral character IN EVERY CONDITION OF LIFE."—SMILES.

SHAKESPEARE AND DUTY:

"Come the four corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; nought shall make us rue,
If England to herself do rest but true."

THE PIVOT OF DUTY—STERLING HONESTY OF PURPOSE; WITHOUT IT LIFE IS A SHAM.

What Higher Duty can Man attain, than Conquest over Human Pain?

IN THE BATTLE OF THIS LIFE ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" is an imperative hygienic need, or necessary adjunct. It keeps the blood pure, prevents and cures fevers, acute inflammatory diseases, and removes the injurious effects of stimulants, narcotics such as alcohol, tobacco, tea, coffee, by natural means; thus restores the nervous system to its normal condition, by preventing the great danger of poisoned blood and over-cerebral activity, sleeplessness, irritability, worry, &c.

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From "MESS STORIES" by PROTEUS, pp. 126-127, published by Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co., Stationers' Hall Court, 1889.

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FLOATS ON WATER

Mistress Mary
(quite contrary)
How does the
washing go;
With dainty lace,
and pillow-case,
And dresses
all in a row?

Their whiteness surely shames the snow
Twas **"IVY"** Soap that made them so!



"IVY" Soap cannot possibly
be lost when in use. It
FLOATS in the Washtub! It
FLOATS in the Bath! It
FLOATS in the Wash-bowl!
and FLOATS away with all
Stains and Dirt from the
Clothes.

IT IS A LUXURY FOR
THE CHILDREN'S BATH.
A Washtub without "IVY" Soap is like a
Home without a Mother.

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THE FINEST
LAUNDRY SOAP
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"IVY" Soap we will send a Large Cake on receipt of 4
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WHAT IS SAPOLIO?
It is a solid handsome cake of
scouring soap which has no equal
for all cleaning purposes except in
the laundry. To use it is to value it...

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To clean tombstones.
To polish knives.
To renew oil-cloth.
To brighten metals.

To scour bath-tubs.
To whiten marble.
To scrub floors.
To renovate paint.

To wash out sinks.
To clean dishes.
To scour kettles.
To remove rust.

success, and has within it possible elements whereby a fine old custom may be made useful, and thereby resuscitated. An hour before sundown, some thirty-seven cattle, Shorthorns, Herefords, and Jerseys, together with a number of the best agricultural horses the district could supply, were paraded in a meadow adjoining the church, all classes turning out to see the show, and the impromptu agricultural display seeming to please better than some more elaborately arranged exhibitions. At sundown a short service, with music and harvest-hymns, was given in the church, which was decorated prettily and tastefully with corn and fruit. An excellent sermon, to the point, and not too long, brought to a close a unique and attractive harvest home.

A DEMOCRATIC FOX-HUNT

FOX-HUNTING—in England, at least—is now generally regarded as a pastime for the rich alone. Peers, wealthy land-owners, officers in crack regiments may revel in its delights; but ordinary work-a-day mortals, no matter how great may be their love of the sport, can never hope for more than a chance day with the hounds. It is only during the last few years, however, that hunting has been restricted to the “moneyed classes.” Hardly half a century ago Dr. Hale, the eccentric philanthropist of Harewood, informed his hearers that, if they did not like his sermon, they had only to cross the hill to find a service perhaps more to their taste—a fox-hunting parson preaching to an otter-hunting congregation.”

Probably at that time there was scarcely an able-bodied man in the rural districts of Yorkshire who had not, at one time or another of his life, followed the hounds. At Bilsdale, even now, there is a hunt organised upon purely democratic principles—a survival, no doubt, of the days when fox-hunting was a national, not an aristocratic, sport.

It is not every one who knows where Bilsdale lies; for although in far-back days the Romans, who had a keen scent for a charming spot, built their villas there, no sooner were the Legions gone than the Picts and Scots came down (if we may believe tradition), and effectually demolished the little colony.

Bilsdale is one of those tiny winding valleys which, without rhyme or reason, branch off in all directions from the greater Ryedale. They are all just alike, beautiful, with a calm, restful sort of beauty that lulls to sleep the very remembrance of the cares and troubles of the outside world. As you sit there you can almost see the monks from stately Rievaulx and Byland winding their way, rod in hand, by the side of the stream, as they used to do in the old, peaceful days, when no one was yet in a hurry, and they, without fear of reproach, could drowse away their lives under the shade of those great, overhanging trees, waiting, with a patience that knew no limit, for the trout to nibble their bait. There are some houses scattered through Bilsdale—poor little dwellings, the best of them—enough, perhaps, together to form a moderately-sized hamlet. This hamlet can boast of a pack of hounds.

Every man who lives in it owns a dog—more, if he likes; but the possession of one is the very *sine qua non* of his existence. Now this dog, although the private property of its owner, in so far that he is expected to feed, tend, and train it, is yet considered to form a part of the collective wealth of the community, every Bilsdale having the right, whilst watching over his own dog, to keep an eye upon his neighbour's. These are the Bilsdale Hounds—a pack by no means to be despised. The present Master of the Hounds is the village tailor, who discharges the duties of his position—it is honorary—with a punctilious regard for precedent that strikes awe into the souls of outsiders who for the first time join the hunt.

After many anxious consultations between the Master and the leading men in the village, as to whether work, taken all round, is in a sufficiently advanced state to justify the taking of a holiday; a day is fixed upon; and then, if the weather prove propitious, as soon as it is light in the morning, a boy is sent to walk right up

Here, if the run has been successful, the fox is brought in triumph by those who were in at the death. A strange, quaint ceremony is then performed, which dates back, the dalers maintain, more than a thousand years. A thousand years is a long time, but the Bilsdale rites were certainly not invented in modern days, for they have to the full that savour of ghastliness in which our ancestors used to revel with such keen delight, although we, degenerate as we are, seem to have lost for it all relish.

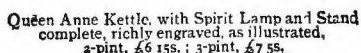
PRINCE BISMARCK is delighted with the phonograph which Mr. Edison sent him as a present. When the instrument first arrived at Friedrichsruhe, the Prince at once tested it by reciting three poems—a fragment of the “Marseillaise,” part of an old American revolutionary song, and the famous German student ditty, “Gaudefamus igitur.” Then he dictated a message to his son Herbert, “Be sober at work, sober in eating, and even a little sober in drinking—this is a father’s advice to his son.” Ten thousand phonograms of the Prince’s experiments have been produced, and will be distributed amongst German museums, public offices, and schools, in order that future generations may hear Prince Bismarck’s real voice. Speaking of the Prince, the Bismarck Museum, now being organised in Berlin, will be opened on April 1st next, the Chancellor’s seventy-fifth birthday. All German patriots are invited to contribute genuine souvenirs, and a rich collection has already been gathered, including biographies and articles of all kinds relating to the Prince, his portraits, busts, autographs, caricatures, and scraps of personal property.

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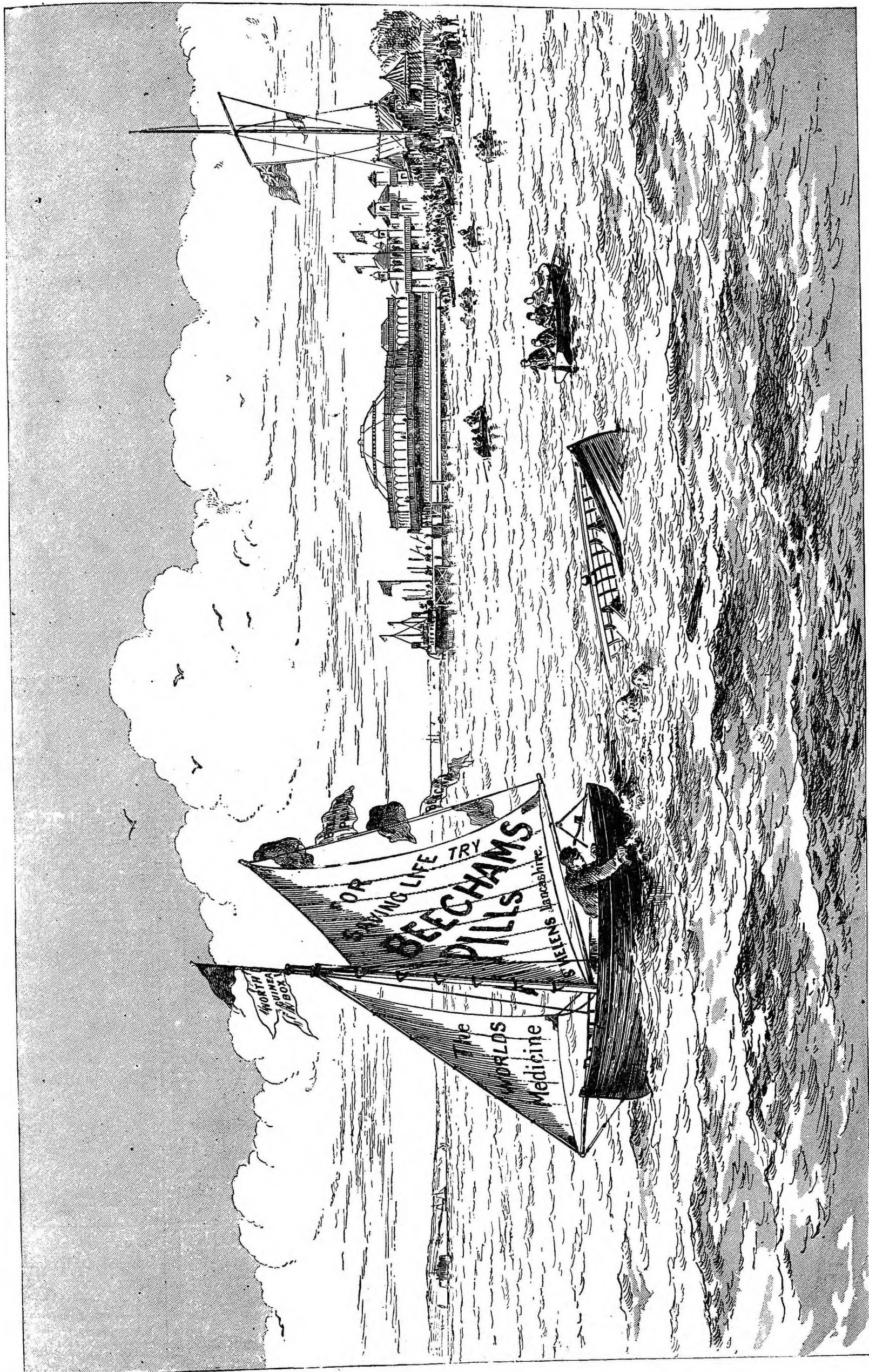


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SAVED BY "BEECHAM'S PILLS."

On Monday a serious accident happened off Southsea Beach, which very nearly terminated fatally. It appears that an old gentleman with a lady and little boy, visitors, hired a pleasure boat out for a row. As they were returning they met the sailing boat whose canvas for the last few weeks has advertised the virtues of BEECHAM'S PILLS, and in manœuvring to get out of the way placed themselves across the bow of the Vesta, another rowing boat, which was coming along at a considerable speed. In vain the occupants of the Vesta tried to stop her; it was too late, and she ran right into the other boat, almost cutting off her stern. The occupants were merged into the water, and their chance of life seemed a bad one, as none of them appeared able to swim. "BEECHAM'S PILLS," however, tacked and picked them up. A number of boats put off from the beach, and great excitement prevailed. — *Portsmouth Evening Mail, September 12th, 1889.*



DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE
DR. J. C. BROWNE (late Army Medical Staff) discovered a remedy to denote which he coined the word CHLORODYNE. Dr. Browne is the sole inventor, and it is therefore evident that as he has never published the formula, anything else sold under the name of CHLORODYNE must be a piracy.

ALL ATTEMPTS AT ANALYSIS have failed to discover its composition.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE

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THE GENERAL BOARD OF HEALTH, London, reports that it acts as a charm, one dose generally sufficient.
FROM THE VICEROY'S Chemists,
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J. T. DAVENPORT, London.

Dear Sir.—We congratulate you upon the wide-spread reputation this justly esteemed medicine has earned for itself not only in Hindostan, but all over the East. As a remedy of general utility, we much question whether a better is imported into the country, and we shall be glad to hear of its finding a place in every Anglo-Indian home. The other brands, we are happy to say, are now relegated to the native bazaars, and judging from their sale, we fancy their sojourn there will be but evanescent. We could multiply instances *ad infinitum* of the extraordinary efficacy of Dr. Collis Browne's Chlorodyne in Diarrhœa and Dysentery, Spasms, Cramps, Neuralgia, and as a general sedative, that have occurred under our personal observation during many years. In Choleraic Diarrhœa, and even in the more terrible forms of cholera itself, we have witnessed its surprisingly controlling power. We have never used any other form of this medicine than Collis Browne's, from a firm conviction that it is decidedly the best, and also from a sense of duty we owe to the profession and the public, as we are of opinion that the substitution of any other than Collis Browne's is a deliberate breach of faith on the part of the chemist to prescriber and patient alike.

We are, Sir, faithfully yours
SYMES and CO.,
 Members of the Pharm. Society of Great Britain.
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DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.—Vice-Chancellor Sir W. Page Wood stated publicly in Court that Dr. J. Collis Browne was undoubtedly the inventor of Chlorodyne, that the whole story of the defendant Freeman was deliberately untrue, and he regretted to say that it had been sworn to—See the *Times*, July 13, 1884.

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is a Liquid Medicine which assuages pain of every kind, affords a calm and refreshing sleep, WITHOUT HEADACHE, and invigorates the Nervous System when exhausted.

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EPILEPSY, PALPITATION, SPASMS, HYSTERIA, COLIC, AND IS THE TRUE PALLIATIVE IN NEURALGIA, RHEUMATISM, GOUT, CANCER, TOOTHACHE.
IMPORTANT CAUTION.
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An Article Attracting Attention.
A SUNLIGHT SOAP.



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Z ZEAL, ZENITH. **SUNLIGHT SOAP.**

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SIR CHARLES A. CAMERON, M.D.,

Ex-President of the Royal College of Surgeons, Vice-President of the Institute of Chemistry of Great Britain, Chief Medical Officer of Health for Dublin, S.Sc.C. Cambridge University, Member of the College of Physicians, Professor of Hygiene and Chemistry, Royal College of Surgeons, Ireland, Hon. Mem. Societies of Hygiene, Paris, Bordeaux, and Belgium, Laboratory, Royal College of Surgeons, Stephen's Green, W., Dublin, REPORTS, February 15th, 1888 :—

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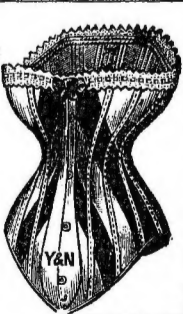
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